ELVIRA;

OR,

THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

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A NOVEL.

DEDICATED TO MRS. SAWBRIDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF SEMPRONIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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DEDICATION.

MADAM,

I Should not have ſolicited the permiſſion of dedicating to you the ſubſequent volumes, but from the indulgence a former publication of mine was honoured with in the circles of the polite world; for which I beg leave to offer my moſt grateful acknowledgments.

To your private ſentiments of that performance I was wholly a ſtranger

ſtranger for ſome time. The high eſteem and reſpect ſo juſtly entertained for your merits (which I have long and invariably experienced), were the ſole motives which influenced my requeſt.—Thoſe motives remain the ſame; but the teſtimony of your unbiaſſed opinion to the unprotected SEMPRONIA, who was hurried into the world with all her imperfections, is ſuch, of which the humbleſt might be vain.

The characters here introduced are taken from life. Some may be deemed eccentric; but the eye, not the writer, is alone reſponſible for thoſe ſingularities: and I believe

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it has been obſerved, that a character is of little worth to a writer, or the world in general, which is not in ſome reſpects ſingular.

A delineation of your's, Madam, could not be attempted. The condition of the orphan, Elvira, withheld from thoſe ardent emotions of maternal affection, for which you have ever been ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed: and the care and tender ſolicitude of conjugal zeal, under impreſſions which excited the moſt acute ſenſibility, are virtues of too exemplary a nature to be approached through the channel of the preſs. Within the precincts of domeſtic life they offer the faireſt

and

and moſt laudable examples of domeſtic virtue.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

With profound reſpect,

Your moſt obliged,

And obedient Servant,

THE AUTHORESS.

ELVIRA;

ELVIRA:

OR,

THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

CHAPTER I.

ELVIRA was the daughter of a private gentleman in the county of B———, who had ſquandered away, during the firſt ſix years of his marriage, all his paternal inheritance. This inheritance was not equal to a Peruvian mine; but it had been found ſufficient, through two generations back, to maintain a numerous family in elegance, if not ſplendour.

But Elvira was born in leſs fortunate times.—Her father's extravagance had reduced him to an entire dependance upon his family; and the death of her mother,

followed, ſhortly after, by his own, deprived her of paternal care and protection.

Sir Charles Luſignan, her mother's uncle, had teſtified a warm affection and fondneſs for her offspring, and had promiſed his niece, on her death-bed, to take her infant immediately to his manſion.

Sir Charles was an old bachelor, and had attained that happy period when the paſſions give but little trouble.—He could talk about them with calm indifference, and compare their preſent influence to a hoary froſt. Be the compariſon apt or otherwiſe, it is the peculiar prerogative of old bachelors to decide.

When Elvira entered her fifth year he thought it high time to pay ſome attention to her education.—Nature had endowed her with every perſonal advantage, and her innocent obſervations and engaging manners were (to him) certain indications of a good underſtanding and a warm heart.

The old gentleman felt no ſmall pride in contemplating theſe growing charms in his little Eléve, and determined on adorning

ing them with a ſplendid fortune. In order to fulfil this intention, he made a general arrangement of his affairs, and left her heireſs to all his eſtates.

Elvira was placed with Mrs. Beaulieu, a woman in all reſpects well qualified for this confidential truſt. The rapid progreſs ſhe made in the different branches of her education gratified every fond wiſh of her uncle, and at the age of fifteen was taken home.

Sir Charles was highly delighted with the praiſes ſo univerſally conferred on her; the ſweetneſs of her diſpoſition, and gentleneſs of manners, which at firſt ſight attached her to every one, added to the ſprightlineſs of her air and converſation, endeared her, very affectionately, to her uncle.

Sir Charles, to the age of ſixty, may be ſaid to have lived *in* the world, rather than *with* it. Diſappointments and vexations, in the early part of life, had evidently ſoured his temper, which does not appear ever very warmly diſpoſed on the favour-

able ſide. By nature reſerved and cautious, his intercourſe with mankind ſeldom extended to intimacy; never beyond it. Silent to an exceſs, his ſole purſuit being to penetrate into the views and actions of men; and poſſeſſing, as he flattered himſelf, infallible quickneſs and diſcernment, no great portion of time was employed in forming opinions. According to the firſt impreſſion, ſo he decided; not always as things were, only as they ſtruck him. He had alſo a ready faculty of adhering cloſely to all the inadvertencies and errors which this ſagacious quality led him to diſcover. A fool or a knave he generally perceived in four out of ſix of the different characters which fell under his obſervation; and it being an invariable rule with him never to appeal from opinion to judgment, we may ſafely affirm that the old gentleman was ſeldom remembered to be in the right.

All his maxims of life were equally erroneous: when he condeſcended to talk (a faculty which, as before obſerved, had not been much exerted of late years), he never

never failed inculcating the neceſſity of caution, the bleſſings of dependance, and warmly to diſclaim againſt the ſpirit of liberty and freedom.

Elvira had been taught very different leſſons from Mrs. Beaulieu. Her heart and fancy had been equal objects of her attention; the former was ſuſceptible of every good impreſſion, and the latter ſhe endeavoured to regulate ſo that it might ſeldom carry her beyond her ſituation, or bias the guidance of judgment. Elvira found ſome difficulty in reducing this good maxim to practice. She could not help throwing an occaſional glance at the gay and enchanting proſpects her uncle had placed before her; but the innocence of her heart ſoon brought her home to her own happy dwelling.

Dependance upon a kind relation ſhe valued as a real bleſſing, and her mind afforded her ſuch ample reſources againſt melancholy, that the firſt year paſſed equal to her heart's content.

About this time Sir Charles was attacked by an alarming complaint, for which his phyſicians adviſed a coaſting voyage and wintering at Arles. Elvira, tenderly attached to her uncle, felt deeply afflicted at this ſudden change in his health. The ſea voyage, ſo ſtrongly recommended, ſhe deemed an infallible cure; and, after repeated entreaties to try the experiment, prevailed on him to fix a day for his departure.

The neceſſary preparations made, Elvira, who could not entertain a doubt of attending him, and performing thoſe gentle offices, which had now become habitual, had given the ſame orders with regard to herſelf. But what was her aſtoniſhment, when her uncle, the night preceding his departure, took an affectionate leave, and preſented her with a letter directed to Mrs. Beaulieu.

The conflict in her mind deprived her for ſome moments of ſpeech: at length, in a faltering voice, ſhe ſaid, "And will you deprive

deprive me of the only conſolation I am capable of receiving, in attending you to the lateſt period of your life, and contributing to the reſtoration of that health to which every enjoyment of my exiſtence is rivetted?" The old gentleman, though much exhauſted by pain, was ſenſibly moved at Elvira's diſtreſs. He preſſed her to his boſom—and, after endeavouring to excite her fortitude, aſſured her that this ſeparation had nearly unmanned him; but that there was no reſource—that her tender years, ſex, and ſituation, would be ſure of expoſing her to inconveniences to which he could not in conſcience yield, whatever his wiſhes might prompt;—and, after repeated expreſſions of paternal regard, put into her hand a ſealed parchment.—"This," obſerved he, will remove every doubt;—when I am dead, ſend for my ſteward; it reſts with him to ſee every order, this my laſt will contains, punctually executed."

Elvira's tender heart was very unequal to ſuch an affecting ſcene. But her uncle's

deciſions were irrevocable, and ſhe was compelled to yield.

Sir Charles ſat out on his journey at an early hour, and forbad Elvira being called, as ſhe had punctually ordered on the preceding night. When ſhe parted from her uncle ſhe retired to her chamber, and there gave full vent to an effuſion of ſorrow, which, in his preſence, ſhe had endeavoured to repreſs.—Her ſpirits at length exhauſted, ſhe fell into a ſound ſleep. When ſhe waked ſhe looked at her watch, which was near eleven; ſhe roſe, and haſtened down, ſtill in hopes of prevailing; but was informed, by her maid, that Sir Charles had been gone ſeveral hours.

Elvira poſſeſſed great firmneſs of mind, which was laudably exerted on this trying occaſion. After deliberating on the propriety of keeping the letter to Mrs. Beaulieu for a few days, till better able to ſupport the change of ſcene, or of diſpatching it immediately, determined on the latter, thinking, by ſo doing, ſhe obeyed her uncle's wiſhes.

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The diſtance was a hundred miles between them, the roads bad, and days ſhort, ſo that her friend did not reach Luſignan Hall till the following week.

The meeting was very flattering to Elvira. Mrs. Beaulieu, who had maintained a maternal tenderneſs for her young friend, now experienced all its emotions in the warmeſt degree, and by that endearing kindneſs, ſo perfectly congenial with the ſoftneſs and innocence of Elvira's character, ſhortly reſtored her to her wonted eaſe and cheerfulneſs.

The ſubſtance of Sir Charles's letter expreſſed every thing that was affectionate to his niece; but his confidence in Mrs. Beaulieu was not conveyed in terms very grateful to a woman of her ſentiments. Pride broke through reſpect in addreſſing a perſon whom he had long conſidered but in an official capacity, and which he had neither temper nor yet inclination to conceal on the preſent occaſion. But this lady was too well acquainted with the diſpoſitions of the writer to be influenced by

his doubts and apprehenſions. The truſt he repoſed in her was a manifeſt proof he thought her deſerving of it; ſo that ſhe wiſely compounded for the graceleſs manner in which it was conferred.

Mrs. Beaulieu, during her huſband's life, had mixed much in the polite world; but her jointure, owing to the extravagance of her only ſon, was not ſufficient for her ſupport. Her friends and connections were numerous—and a woman of her merit was more than commonly lucky in preſerving them, under ſo heavy a change of fortune. They ſuggeſted the plan ſhe ſome years before had adopted, of private tuition, which now procured her a genteel income.

Elvira, who for the laſt year had been wholly confined to her uncle's ſociety, felt this return to her young friends almoſt as the renewal of exiſtence: and as Mrs. Beaulieu divided her time between inſtruction and amuſement, ſhe ſoon forgot the melancholy grandeur of Luſignan Hall.

The

The ſtately baronet, who never loſt ſight of his niece's conſequence, as heireſs to the pageantry he ſo fondly loved, allowed her two hundred a year for dreſs, with an expreſs command that the whole ſhould be expended for that purpoſe. Elvira's taſte was elegant, but ſimple. Her figure, a ſtriking reſemblance of what has been tranſmitted to us of Mary Queen of Scots. But the chaſteneſs of her eye was ſo peculiarly her own, that the moſt happy pencil could never expreſs. Her accompliſhments, for her age, might be equalled, but not excelled; and the ſuperior knowledge ſhe poſſeſſed never appeared in her, at the moſt remote period, but as cultivated innocence. With ſo many perſonal advantages, Elvira was little likely to eſcape the moſt diſtinguiſhed attention. Mrs. Beaulieu endeavoured to fortify her mind both by precept and example; but the latter afforded few inſtances which immediately applied. Elvira's proſpects in life were far different from thoſe of her companions; and though ſhe could

not be regardleſs of the advantages ſhe poſſeſſed, her humility and natural ſenſe of decorum checked thoſe lively ſallies which a youthful imagination did not unfrequently excite. Sir Charles kept up a regular correſpondence with her, and the good accounts ſhe received of his health gave the moſt flattering hopes of a perfect recovery.

Elvira had paſſed near a year and a quarter with her friend, when ſhe received a letter from her uncle, with another encloſed to Lady Hartley. This was an anſwer to her Ladyſhip's invitation to Miſs Mardaunt for the next winter. Sir Charles, whoſe ruling paſſion was ambition, felt no ſmall gratification in having his niece with a woman ſo well acquainted with faſhionable life; and one whoſe rank and connections were ſure of ſupporting that conſequence, which he conſidered as the primary object in his own elevated condition. Elvira, though warmly attached to Mrs. Beaulieu, and fully ſenſible of the worth of her character, began to feel that more variety

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was neceſſary. She had read much, but converſed little. Poſſeſſing a lively excurſive mind, ſhe ardently wiſhed to be acquainted with that world in which ſhe was to paſs her days. Her uncle had endeavoured to inſtil principles very unfavourable to human nature. Suſpicion and jealouſy (which he refined by the terms of caution and prudence) he held forth as ſhields and bulwarks againſt the approach of villany. The Yahoo, rather than the Houghnham, was the character, which, as he beſt underſtood, he recommended to her imitation; but Elvira had too much diſcernment to be influenced by ſuch erroneous doctrines;—ſatire was not her turn. Her imagination contemplated human nature, in her own form; and her heart, ever open to the beſt impreſſions, felt not the neceſſity of thoſe ſhields and bulwarks for her defence. She communicated to Mrs. Beaulieu the invitation her uncle had accepted, who ſincerely regretted the loſs of ſo amiable a companion; but aſſured her, at the ſame time, ſhe was too much her

her friend not to rejoice at the eligible propoſal. Elvira's gratitude generally enlarged upon all benefits received, ſo that, after giving her friends the moſt lively teſtimony of her ſentiments and affection, ſhe forwarded the letter, and prepared for her viſit.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

LADY Hartley arrived in a few days at Granville Lodge; but the change which two years had made in Elvira had ſo forcible an effect on her Ladyſhip, that ſhe ſeemed, for a few ſeconds, abſolutely petrified. Mrs. Beaulieu, a ſtranger to Lady Hartley's character, was wholly at a loſs how to conſtrue her ſurprize; it certainly did not convey a very pleaſing emotion. Elvira felt as people do feel when they have diſappointed expectation. She ſunk into herſelf, and heartily wiſhed ſhe could have ſunk from the preſence of her awful obſerver. But faſhionable eaſe ſhortly reſtored her Ladyſhip's features to their habitual complacency, and the moſt lively expreſſions of admiration and friendſhip kept them in a ſort of mechanical ardour for

for a full half hour. Poor Elvira was not ſo ſoon miſtreſs of hers. The dignity natural to her ſpirit made her extremely averſe to comply with an engagement which ſhe could but fear her uncle had, in ſome degree, extorted. Her Ladyſhip went through the evening tolerably well; but not without occaſional returns of her firſt ſudden attack, and retired early, on the pretext of fatigue. After Mrs. Beaulieu had accompanied her to her chamber, ſhe returned to her friend. Candour, the baſis of Mrs. Beaulieu's conduct, would have led her inſtantly to communicate her ſentiments of Lady Hartley's behaviour; but Elvira's youth and gentleneſs of diſpoſition rendered ſuch a ſtep too hazardous. She was, in her own breaſt, fully perſuaded that no other paſſion than jealouſy could produce ſuch a violent emotion. But to put her upon her guard would excite diſtruſt and ſuſpicion, and effectually check the laudable efforts of her own mind. To give warning, without ſtriking terror, was the point ſhe wiſhed to accompliſh;

accompliſh; but a precarious liberty, preſerved by an unlimited complaiſance, was no liberty at all.

Elvira perceived her friend's uneaſineſs, and attributed it to the opinion ſhe herſelf had conceived. Mrs. Beaulieu acknowledged that ſhe thought Lady Hartley had a ſtrong reluctance to overcome, but ſtill adviſed the viſit, and, in general terms, pointed out the line of conduct ſhe thought moſt likely to prove ſucceſsful, laying a particular ſtreſs upon an apparent unevenneſs of temper, which Elvira would be prudent in yielding to, unleſs it ſhould exact from her a confidence, or even a complaiſance, which her own ſenſe of propriety would not admit. Mrs. Beaulieu would not ſay more, fearful of inſtilling a prejudice againſt Lady Hartley, and thereby ſtrengthen the wiſh Elvira had ſo frequently expreſſed during this converſation, of remaining at the Lodge, or of returning there, unleſs ſuch expedient became abſolutely neceſſary. Mrs. Beaulieu reaſoned on this ſubject as much from remote circumſtances

cumſtances as preſent evil. Sir Charles impoſed a reſtraint upon her ſentiments. He was the very reverſe of what he profeſſed; his temper, vehement and impetuous, prompted him to raiſe, ſuddenly, his dependants and flatterers, and, on the leaſt occaſion of diſpleaſure, to hurl them down with equal impetuoſity. Implacable in his hatred—fickle in his friendſhips—inſincere in all his profeſſions. Such was the man on whoſe protection Elvira ſolely reſted.

The morning interview was all ſoftneſs and cordiality; and her Ladyſhip, recollecting her forgetfulneſs on the preceding evening, claimed Sir Charles's promiſe with an earneſtneſs not eaſily to be reconciled with the former ſcene. This gave Elvira a fair opportunity of expreſſing her apprehenſions of intruding on her Ladyſhip's hoſpitality; but Lady Hartley quieted her mind by ſaying, the ſociety of ſuch a companion ſhe had long looked forward to with pleaſure; and, after an enchanting deſcription of Kelſborough Park, its neighbourhood,

bourhood, and the like, preſſed her young friend to accompany her on the following day. This was complied with, and Elvira retired to give orders to that purpoſe, and to ſpend, at Lady Hartley's requeſt, a few hours with her young friends.—A *tête-à-tête* party was not the very thing Mrs. Beaulieu wiſhed; but as it could not be avoided, on her part, and was evidently ſought for by Lady Hartley, was in hopes it might tend to Elvira's advantage.

After paying Mrs. Beaulieu many compliments on her mode of education, ſhe teſtified very warmly the pleaſure ſhe felt at Miſs Mardaunt's figure, carriage, and manners. Mrs. Beaulieu was too ſincere to reply otherwiſe than by a complacent look; and as it was her object to gain inſight into the character of a perſon whoſe words and ſentiments appeared ſo diametrically oppoſite, was in hopes, by ſilence, to accompliſh her purpoſe; but finding that nothing more was likely to be obtained, and that the converſation might turn on indifferent ſubjects, felt it incumbent

bent on her to do juſtice to Elvira's merits, leſt her reſerve ſhould be conſtrued unfavourably, and cloſed her encomiums by aſſuring Lady Hartley ſhe would find her not only a valuable companion, but one on whoſe ſincerity and goodneſs of heart ſhe might faithfully rely. Lady Hartley was a perſon of tolerable underſtanding; her ſentiments generous, and her judgment by no means contemptible: but the quickneſs, or rather keenneſs, of her feelings, frequently diſqualified her from exerting theſe advantages to any uſeful purpoſe. She married Lord Hartley when barely nineteen. For twenty years they had lived free from care, diſpute, or diſquietude—to which a happy facility of temper on her ſide had in no ſmall degree contributed. His Lordſhip's character, in political and civil life, was ſteady and uniform—a warm champion for liberty, and a candid adminiſtrator of juſtice—active and jealous in whatever cauſe he embarked, but careleſs and indifferent as to the ordinary occurrences of life;—generous

rous without profuſion—courageous without raſhneſs—impartial and diſcerning in his attachments, but ſudden and deciſive in his prejudices. Of ſtrong paſſions, but accurate judgment; yet all his virtues and qualities were ſullied by weakneſs, and embelliſhed by humanity. Such was Lord Hartley, till he attained the age of fifty. From the period before mentioned may be dated all their ſubſequent unhappineſs; and as this unfortunate event may, in no ſmall degree, account for the impreſſion Elvira's beauty firſt excited, it will not be here out of place to relate particulars.

About four years ago, an Engliſh lady, the wife of a Pruſſian officer, who had been recently *broken* by the decree of a Court Martial, arrived with her huſband in England. Their income was ſo limited, that an eligible reſidence was not left to their choice. The winter was advanced when they landed at Brighthelmſtone, and lodgings being then reaſonable, it was immediately determined to ſtop there for a ſhort time. Madame de Zimane became

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ſoon tired of this deſolate abode, and prevailed on her huſband to remove. Equally unacquainted with the geography as the manners of England, he was obliged to follow *implicitly* his lady's directions. Her own family and intimate connections ſhe had reaſons for endeavouring to avoid, though he never omitted to ſuggeſt, at every repaſt they met, the expediency of an application to them. But Madame, to put an effectual ſtop to his importunities on this topic, frankly told him, that the decree of a Court Martial for treachery and cowardice was little likely to introduce him into a family renowned for bravery and military honours. "*C'eſt vrai!*" he uſed to ſay, with a happy indifference, "*c'étoit un moment de maladie pour moi!*" Now Madame de Zimane was not renowned, in any part of her life, for patience, or indeed for any other virtue; and the contempt ſhe now felt and expreſſed for her placid ſpouſe kept him at that awful diſtance that, his favourite ſubject, the ſeverity of Pruſſian diſcipline, being

ing under an interdict, he was reduced to profound ſilence. *Her* diſpoſition was not of ſo calm a nature; what ſhe could not effect by entreaty, ſhe brought about by ſtratagem, and as the ſcheme now in contemplation was likely to prove the critical period of her fame, ſhe was determined that no art nor diſſimulation ſhould be left unemployed for that purpoſe. Madame de Zimane was diſtantly related to Lady Hartley, but never having had any correſpondence or even intimacy with her, felt at firſt a little embarraſſed in what manner ſhe could claim the alliance: ſhe knew his Lordſhip's principal ſeat to be in Northumberland, within a few miles of Newcaſtle; but that he had two others, at which the family occaſionally reſided. To aſcertain their preſent abode was the point in queſtion.—After a variety of ingenious inventions, it occurred to her that a perſonal enquiry at the inn where the Newcaſtle waggon ſet out from was the moſt likely means of ſucceſs. She juſt ſignified to her huſband he muſt be ready in an hour to ſet

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off for London, without aſſigning any reaſon for this ſudden motion. "*C'eſt ſans doute, un heureux impromptu!*" ſaid Monſieur, with a low bow, and retired to pack up and equip himſelf for the journey.—But ſhe had previouſly put his ſword and regimentals into one of her trunks, ſo that his *voqueleon* was the only badge of military dignity now left him. The loſs of his ſword was a new misfortune to Monſieur; for though he diſliked to ſee it unſheathed, he felt no ſmall ſatisfaction in contemplating his martial figure, when arrayed for any other purpoſe but fighting. Madame's intention was, that he ſhould paſs for her valet; and as he could not ſpeak a word of Engliſh, and looked profound ſubmiſſion, there was little chance of his being taken for any thing better. On their arrival, ſhe informed herſelf from the waggoner, that his Lordſhip's family were at Kelſborough Park; and, without loſs of time, immediately engaged two places in the Newcaſtle poſt-coach, which was to leave London the ſame evening. Monſieur,

ſieur, all obedience, got into this poſt-coach with the ſame good humour as into the other; but ſilently concluded that ſhe was going to land him at the world's end. When they arrived at Newcaſtle ſhe complained of being heartily tired, but expreſſed no ſmall diſpleaſure that he ſhould be ſo. Monſieur thought it now high time to riſk the effects of his ingenuity for one day's reſt; but nature happily relieved him from this exertion, by a violent fit of the cholic. On the following morning Madame de Zimane began to arrange her plan:—Genteel lodgings and a man-ſervant were indiſpenſible requiſites. The town was convenient, but not genteel;—and a full knowledge of his Lordſhip's character, with a leading feature in that of his Lady's, were points highly eſſential. She ſet out alone in her travelling dreſs, a ſort of *enveloppe*; after enquiring the names of the principal trades-people, ſome of whom, ſhe concluded, the family employed.—Purchaſing a few articles at a grocer's, at the ſign of the Kelſborough

arms, ſhe then deſired to ſpeak with the miſtreſs of the ſhop, with a few plauſible queſtions in readineſs, which fully anſwered her purpoſe; but was diſappointed on hearing that his Lordſhip was highly reſpected as a maſter and magiſtrate; his diſpoſition charitable and generous, but proud. The laſt article of intelligence determined for a country reſidence.—Her Ladyſhip, benevolent, generally beloved, and particularly affable. This was a ſufficient clue. Delighted with the proſpect of ſucceſs (though the reſerve and reſpectability of his Lordſhip's character were obſtacles to a rapid progreſs) ſhe condeſcended to acquaint Monſieur, that, out of pure compliance with his wiſhes, ſhe had been at the trouble, expence, and inconvenience of theſe two long journies, in order to enquire out, and introduce him to a relation of hers, a lady of high diſtinction. His gratitude could be only ſurpaſſed by his credulity. Taking courage, however, from her complacent looks, he now enquired if his ſword was ſafe, as his

his appearance became a matter of high importance. That no time might be loſt, Madame de Zimane began to prepare him with proper credentials for his viſit. In the firſt place, ſhe inſtalled him Chevalier de l'ordre Teutonique—appointed him Colonel of the Pruſſian Invincibles—enjoined him to profound ſecrecy with regard to his diſmiſſion from the ſervice—ſupplied him with the names of Generals, Auſtrians, Heſſians, and Hanoverians, with all of whom ſome intimacy was requiſite—and, laſtly, that infirm health had compelled him to the mortifying neceſſity of reſigning his commiſſion;—to touch modeſtly upon the King's regret, and the royal munificence intended him.

Monſieur liſtened attentively to his ſagacious inſtructreſs, by whoſe principles he had been too long enſlaved to feel, at this period, any alacrity, or even inclination, in purſuing. Though valour was not one of his virtues, he was far from being an immoral character. The liſt of iniquities which Madame's conduct preſented to

him frequently excited his warmeſt indignation; but his attachment to her was a faſcination; and though he heartily lamented the connection, yet the chain was ſo rivetted by perſonal attraction, that he never could prevail on himſelf to accompliſh his reſolution of a final ſeparation. He felt his diſgrace as keenly as a tame ſpirit could feel; and wiſhed, by ſilence, to avoid all diſcuſſion of the ſubject. But to take upon himſelf the merit of a brave man was not to be done. Madame, delighted with his paſſive obedience, was ſo far prepared, and lodgings and a ſmart ſervant were immediately engaged. She then wrote a letter to Lady Hartley, ſignifying her return to England—her reſidence in the north, and concluded by expreſſing her wiſh of renewing an acquaintance with ſo valuable a part of her family. Her Ladyſhip had no reaſon for diſclaiming the alliance: with her mother ſhe had lived in habits of intimacy, and Madame de Zimane had received her congratulations upon the marriage. Being wholly a ſtranger

ſtranger to her faſhionable exploits, ſhe gave the letter to Lord Hartley, who ſeconded the propoſal of a viſit, and an invitation to Kelſborough. Madame's figure and manners carried with them a never-failing recommendation, and her muſical talents and powers in converſation heightened the impreſſion. She had acquired a thorough knowledge of good breeding, and a peculiar modeſty and chaſteneſs of ſentiment, which ſhe ſo well knew how to apply, procured her the eſteem and affection of ſuch who enquired no farther. The artleſs and innocent remarks ſhe would frequently introduce, appearing ſo entirely her own, might have duped far deeper caſuiſts than the party in queſtion.

Lady Hartley was ſo well pleaſed with this firſt viſit, that ſhe very ſhortly ſolicited a ſecond. Monſieur's ignorance of the Engliſh language, and his Lordſhip's knowledge of the French not being very extenſive, were obſtacles to much converſation between the gentlemen.——*Tant mieux*, thought Madame de Zimane, who was

now left to her own fertile imagination for repreſenting her hero fluſhed with the honours of victory, though a victim to that perſonal ſkill and bravery by which he had ſo valiantly diſtinguiſhed himſelf. Frederic's regret was not omitted; but the neglect of royal munificence imputed to the jealouſy and envy of the Court. The ſimplicity of her narrative carried with it all the appearance of truth; and her kind relations entered very warmly into their misfortunes. His Lordſhip regretted that ſo brave a man ſhould be loſt to his country, and left to linger in retirement, with talents which could not fail of raiſing him to the higheſt pitch of military glory. The preſent feeble ſtate of his health was a check to his career; but his Lordſhip promiſed his intereſt and application among his friends for advancing the Colonel in the Engliſh ſervice. The meeting of the two families became now frequent, and Lady Hartley felt a ſincere regard for Madame de Zimane. She wiſhed to have her an inmate at the Park, but his Lordſhip

ſhip did not ſecond the propoſal with his uſual alacrity: he thought her an agreeable woman, but no farther, and had always been averſe to the conſtant preſence of a third perſon. Indeed it was a reſtraint unpleaſant to both; but Lady Hartley, impelled by the humanity and commiſeration ſhe felt at her relation's change of ſituation, wiſhed to contribute every reſource in her power which might enliven her proſpects and leſſen her expences. His Lordſhip preſently yielded to ſuch benevolent motives, and the invitation was given.—While the above was in agitation, an opportunity offered of ſerving the huſband. His Lordſhip's recommendation being unanimouſly approved, Monſieur de Zimane, Chevalier de l'ordre Teutonique, and Colonel of the Pruſſian Invincibles, was appointed to the command of an old veteran corps. Its preſent deſtination was ſuppoſed to be the Weſt Indies; for which place the regiment immediately embarked. Madame's affliction was ſo well counterfeited, that her friends were apprehenſive of

fatal conſequences, and brought her almoſt ſenſeleſs to their hoſpitable manſion. The ſequel of the ſtory is too ſhocking to relate. The baſeſt arts which treachery and falſehood could invent were employed to alienate this happy and reſpectable pair. Her influence over Lord Hartley ſo entirely extinguiſhed every faculty of thought, every principle of honour, integrity, and perſonal regard towards his wife, that her condition was ſuch at which humanity ſhuddered. The ſorrows ſhe had long endeavoured to repreſs broke out with the moſt alarming ſymptoms. A fever ſeized her brain, and ſhe continued for months in a high delirium. Near two years ſhe lingered under the deepeſt impreſſions of melancholy;—her huſband's affections wholly withdrawn—all confidence deſtroyed;—and, from that period to his death, never experienced one inſtance of affection.

Profligacy of manners, under the maſk of rigid ſeverity, immediately followed, and continued till the lateſt moment of his exiſtence.

This

This contradictory inſtance of temperance and ſenſuality may not appear extraordinary to ſuch, who have ſtudied the analogies and combinations of the human mind, and have learned the art to fathom them; but we all know that virtuous minds have many ſtruggles to undergo, and many conflicts to overcome, ere they can adopt principles which ſhall leſſen them in their own eſtimation. Habitual attachments are cloſely united; but the conteſt betwixt a lively ſenſe of ſhame and a powerful incentive to diſhonour is moſt commonly found to end in our own favour, unleſs ſome corrupt influence impels us on. That influence prevailed here, and aſſailing his Lordſhip's character where he thought it leaſt vulnerable, made him diſregard thoſe meaſures by which his happineſs might have been preſerved.

CHAP. III.

WE will now return to our friends at the Lodge, whoſe carriage had been waiting the two laſt hours. Elvira and Mrs. Beaulieu took an affectionate leave; the latter promiſing Lady Hartley to accept her invitation for a few days, when her avocations would permit.

The travellers arrived at Kelſborough on the third day. His Lordſhip was abſent, and did not return till the following week. Lady Hartley, during this time, had ingratiated herſelf with Elvira, from the deſire ſhe ſo evidently manifeſted of making her home, which ſhe politely termed Kelſborough, in all reſpects comfortable; and our young friend began to entertain the moſt favourable ſentiments of her new acquaintance.

Several

Several neighbouring families had been at the park, to whom Miſs Mardaunt was introduced in a manner very grateful to her feelings. Every one was ſtrongly diſpoſed in her favour; an impreſſion which Lady Hartley never failed to heighten by an opinion truly flattering to her merits.

The beauty of the young heireſs ſoon became the general topic, and the young men of faſhion loſt no time in paying their reſpects at the park. If her Ladyſhip happened not to be at home, (as ſhe frequently gave ſuch orders, but to particular friends) diſappointment tended but to heighten their expectation of the tranſcendent lovelineſs of her gueſt. The deſcription of the ladies who had ſeen her differed ſo much, that while Lord A—— was diſplaying his eloquence on the luſtre of her black eyes, Lord B—— as warmly expatiated on the ſoftneſs of the blue. Every feature had a ſuitor; and each was, in imagination, the favoured lover of the divine Miſs Mardaunt. His Lordſhip was ſtruck, as every one muſt be, at Elvira's figure; and, when

his paſſions had no influence, was a juſt diſcerner of female manners. His reply to Lady Hartley's queſtion on this ſubject amounted to no more than that ſhe was what he ſhould have wiſhed in a daughter of his own, had he been ſo fortunate as to have been bleſſed with one. This opinion ſatisfied her Ladyſhip, by connecting a paternal idea with his admiration, no danger, ſhe hoped, was likely to happen.

Among the different viſitors at Kelſborough Park, Lord Beauclaire, ſon of the Earl of Sefton, and Mr. Shallow, were the moſt diſtinguiſhed. Lord Beauclaire was a young man of unexceptionable morals, elegant in his figure and manners, with a dignity in his behaviour that commanded univerſal reſpect. Neither his high birth, nor yet his youth, had ſeduced him into irregular pleaſures: the love of ſtudy, a cloſe attention to the polite arts, and martial exerciſes, had been hitherto his ſole paſſion.

Mr. Shallow was juſt returned to England, after having paſſed ſix years in his ſtudies:

ſtudies: all his natural accompliſhments conſiſted in good looks; all his acquired abilities in an eaſy and graceful demeanour. But he was happily ſatisfied with theſe perfections, and conſidered them as allurements not to be withſtood. In converſation he was wholly deficient; and his thoughts being entirely engroſſed by his own merits, left him no leiſure to obſerve thoſe of his acquaintance. His talents he rated as high as his accompliſhments; and the two oppoſite characters of a wit and a critic he found united in himſelf. Elvira, wholly unacquainted with faſhionable life, and almoſt a ſtranger to Mr. Shallow, was not a little ſurpriſed at the freedom with which he addreſſed her. After attempting many bon mots, as he thought them, to all of which ſhe made no reply, aſked her if ſhe had formed her creed from Plato's Republic? But without waiting her anſwer, "*C'eſt vrai,*" ſaid he, "*qu'on en eſt toujours quitte pour le ſilence.*" Lord Beauclaire, who had obſerved Miſs Mardaunt's embarraſſment, from the perſevering rudeneſs of

of Shallow, gave a turn to the converſation; when Mrs. Seymour, a lively clever woman, who never ſuffered rudeneſs, however gallantly diſplayed, to eſcape her attention, obſerved, that a profeſſed wit, and a profeſſed critic, were the two moſt harmleſs characters in ſociety; for the one living in the conſtant neglect, and the other in as conſtant abuſe of his underſtanding, the bye-ſtanders were not likely to be ſcorched by the fire of either. Mr. Shallow was labouring ſome time for a repartee; but it would not come to anſwer his purpoſe; and his carriage being announced, he took leave. It is evident that Elvira had made a ſtrong impreſſion on Lord Beauclaire; but his attentions to her were extremely guarded. High as was his rank, his proſpects in life were far from flattering: his father's extravagance had ſo involved his eſtates in debts and mortgages, that the allowance he made his ſon was barely ſufficient to ſupport him with elegance. Lord Beauclaire had never adverted to this circumſtance, till he ſaw

Elvira,

Elvira, farther than as connected with his father's happineſs. He retrenched many neceſſary expences in his own narrow eſtabliſhment, that he might always have a reſource for contingencies: play was the Earl's unfortunate paſſion; and to that he had ſacrificed more than ſixty thouſand pounds. Lord Beauclaire being now of age, inherited his mother's fortune; but that was ſo mere a trifle, as to be barely worth claiming. His friends adviſed an immediate application to the courts of law for redreſs: the delicacy of his Lordſhip's feelings made him highly averſe to litigation with his father; but this meaſure was ſo ſtrongly enforced, that he could not oppoſe it by any reaſonable objection.

Sir Charles Luſignan had derived ſo much benefit from the ſouthern provinces, that he determined on making Montpellier his reſidence for the next year at leaſt, and wrote to Elvira to this effect, teſtifying in very warm terms the ſatisfaction he felt at her preſent abode, and the honour that the Earl and Lady Hartley had thereby conferred

ferred on himſelf. He increaſed her allowance to three hundred, and enjoined her, at the ſame time, to the obſervance of a very ridiculous command, that the Swiſs, the bearer of this letter, ſhould be retained in her ſervice, in the capacity of porter, ſo that his own conſequence might be thereby more immediately diſtinguiſhed. In this letter he redoubled his proteſtations of paternal affection, and threw out occaſional hints of her future eſtabliſhment, ſhould any propoſals to the marriage be made, conſiſtent in all points, with the dignity and illuſtrious rank of his anceſtors. Now, by the bye, theſe illuſtrious anceſtors were only thoſe of his imagination: but, nevertheleſs, by frequently reflecting on the advantages he derived from them, he had almoſt perſuaded himſelf of their reality: "Like one, (as Shakeſpear ſays) who having untold truth by telling it, made ſuch a ſinner of his memory as to credit his own lie."

Sir Charles Luſignan was poſſibly the man of all others who could leaſt bear a genealogical

nealogical ſcrutiny: his badge of knighthood had been purchaſed as a ſhield againſt the encroachments of an indigent poſterity. But it had, unfortunately, the contrary effect; for it attracted his uncles and couſins at all the different points of the compaſs: one came to compliment him upon his new name, another that he had got rid of his old one; and his relations flocked in upon him ſo thick, that he was obliged to give them a lift over the mountains, in order to get rid of their claims. *Thrifty* was the name which had been tranſmitted to him by his father, an honeſt, independent, wealthy citizen, who knew no other pride than what he felt from paying his debts, and contributing to the comfort and ſupport of his family. But his ſon did not derive his enjoyments from the ſame vulgar ſenſations: having ſomewhere read of a Luſignan, who had been king of Jeruſalem, he thought it prudent to aſſume it as his own, and as the lineal deſcent had been ſomewhat broken, in the courſe of the laſt five centuries,

turies, was tolerably ſure of not exciting the indignation of the blood royal, or even the curioſity of the herald's office. The Swiſs porter diſtreſſed poor Elvira beyond meaſure: but ſhe preſented the letter to Lady Hartley as uſual, obſerving, there was one paſſage in it which ſenſibly hurt her. Lady Hartley ſmiled as ſhe read it: but Elvira being the object it immediately concerned, intreated her Ladyſhip to ſend him back. This could not be done without giving offence, ſo that it was ſettled he ſhould act in the capacity, without bearing the name of porter.

The ſeaſon was advancing, when the family uſually went to town. Elvira did not hear this without regret. Kelſborough Park, ſhe thought, the only ſpot in which ſhe could wiſh to ſpend her days, provided that it contained but one object more. The grounds were much in the ſtile of the Leaſows; the ſame harmony of proſpect, the ſame variety of enchanting ſcenery; ſome of its features were bolder, from the rocks and water which precipitated over them.

them. But the ſombre parts of the wood, opening upon a beautiful canal, was Elvira's favourite ſpot: there was a grotto at the end of it, to which ſhe frequently retired, and at times to enjoy what ſhe was now almoſt afraid of acknowledging to herſelf. "In this delightful retreat," ſaid ſhe, one day, with a deep ſigh, "could I be contented to dwell, if Beauclaire ſhared it with me!" The words were barely out of her lips, when a gentle knock at the door, (which ſtood wide open, but to which her back was turned) introduced Beauclaire himſelf. A deep bluſh overſpread her countenance, recollecting what ſhe had juſt uttered, which ſhe was perſuaded he muſt have heard, was haſtening out of the grotto. He intreated her to ſtop, if but for a few minutes. Her embarraſſed air ſo evidently betrayed her, that any other, poſſeſſing but a tenth part of Beauclaire's diſcernment, would have conſtrued it as moſt flattering to his hopes. Quickly recovering herſelf, ſhe replied: "She was going back when his Lordſhip

Lordſhip came in." Here Elvira forgot ſhe was at that very moment in a deep reverie, and Beauclaire at the door before ſhe heard him. He ſmiled at her artleſs defence, and apologized for breaking in upon her meditations. "Indeed," ſaid ſhe, "I was admiring that beautiful caſcade, which—(but inſtantly recollecting the caſcade was not even within hearing)—if you have no objection we will take a view of on our return?" He begged ſhe would firſt honour him with a hearing for a quarter of an hour. "Good Heavens!" thought ſhe to herſelf, "he has heard me, and is certainly ſhocked at my indiſcretion." As pauſes and apoſtrophes take up no ſmall portion of the lover's interview, in the firſt impreſſions of innocence, half the time he requeſted was ſpent before he began. He ſeemed labouring under a weight he could not eaſily throw off, nor could Elvira offer him the aſſiſtance her inclination ſo warmly prompted. "I ſhall be ſenſibly hurt indeed," ſaid he, "if I am the bearer of intelligence which ſhould give

give you a moment's pain; but, as honour juſtifies me in the ſtep I take, I am perſuaded it will alſo enſure me your forgiveneſs. Anxious, Miſs Mardaunt, as I am for your happineſs, I know of no other alternative than by repoſing with you a ſecret I muſt intreat may ever remain ſuch. Mr. Shallow intends making propoſals, in a few days, to Lord Hartley, for the permiſſion of addreſſing you; and the paper I now hold in my hand is, what I am ſhocked to acknowledge, a certificate of a former marriage to a French lady, now reſiding with her family. The marriage took place about two years before his return to England: the certificate Mr. Shallow depoſited with me, as a full confirmation of that event, ſhould any ſubſequent doubts ariſe of its validity." Elvira ſo heartily diſliked Mr. Shallow, that ſhe liſtened to his marriage with the utmoſt indifference; but expreſſed, from her natural goodneſs of heart, the horror ſhe felt at ſuch a dreadful inſtance of infidelity; but that with reſpect to Mr. Shallow's intentions

tentions ſhe thought his Lordſhip muſt be miſtaken. He pledged his honour to the fact. Elvira aſſured him the ſecret he had repoſed in her ſhould remain ſacred, and thanked him for the friendly motive; ſhe then roſe. He begged to tranſgreſs a few minutes longer. The agitation of his ſpirits was ſo evident to Elvira, that ſhe half roſe, then ſat down, roſe again, and at length reſuming ſome degree of eaſe, requeſted they might return, Lady Hartley being alone. "A few words, is all I aſk," ſaid he, "though they can but faintly expreſs my ſentiments on the ſubject. It is to aſſure you of my friendſhip and eſteem, and that the future happineſs of my life will depend on your believing theſe profeſſions ſincere: an unforeſeen circumſtance deprives me, for the preſent, of demonſtrating either"—here he pauſed for ſome ſeconds —"if I live to return"—"To return!" exclaimed Elvira, with a trembling emotion.—"Yes," replied Beauclaire, "and to convince Miſs Mardaunt that my friendſhip is unalterable. My regiment is on the

the American ſtation, and I am ordered to join it immediately." The conflict in Elvira's heart was ſo ſtrongly marked in every feature, that Beauclaire was reduced to the utmoſt extremity. How to act he knew not. He turned towards the door, in hopes to deceive her by endeavouring to conceal his own feelings, rather than aggravate her diſtreſs by obſervation. She roſe, and attempting to walk on, fell back into her chair. Beauclaire, no longer maſter of his fortitude, and inſenſible to what he did, preſſed her, in this lifeleſs ſtate, to his boſom. She preſently recovered. He gently put her arm under his, and in profound ſilence they moved on for ſome minutes. In this ſituation they obſerved Lord Hartley advancing towards them: Elvira, unconſcious till that moment that her arm was within Beauclaire's, haſtily withdrew it. His Lordſhip's countenance conveyed the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of indignation; and darting a furious look at Beauclaire, enquired, in an angry tone, the cauſe of Miſs Mardaunt's confuſion?

The

The indelicacy of the queſtion, heightened by the manner in which it was made, for a moment ſo confounded them, that each looking at the other for an anſwer, without uttering one word, confirmed Lord Hartley's ungenerous ſuſpicions. Beauclaire, ſtung to the ſoul, that the leaſt unfavourable thought ſhould be entertained but for an inſtant againſt Elvira, with great impetuoſity deſired his Lordſhip to explain. Elvira alarmed, begged Lord Hartley to give her the hearing. Softened by her interference, and apprehenſive of betraying his deſign by a raſh and precipitate reſentment, replied, with much ſeeming compoſure, that the ſudden change in her looks had made him fear ſhe had met with ſome dreadful accident. Elvira aſſured him ſhe had not. Apologizing to Lord Beauclaire for the warmth this apprehenſion had excited, they ſhook hands, and proceeded towards the houſe. Elvira had, by this time, ſo far recovered her looks, that nothing more paſſed on the ſubject. Previous to Beauclaire's taking leave,

Lady

Lady Hartley engaged him to dinner on the following day: this was ſeconded with much alacrity by his Lordſhip. Lord Beauclaire's mind had experienced a very ſevere ſhock: ſuſpicions, ſo ſtrongly implied, were only veiled by policy; his honour had received a wound, and, which was equally clear to him, the innocence and integrity of his lovely friend. Lord Hartley was the laſt man to be ſo eaſily appeaſed, but from motives infinitely more deſtructive to Elvira than any doubts he could entertain. His character, as an artful libertine, was well known to Beauclaire; while his deep duplicity bid defiance to ſlander. In mere gallantry few men had leſs ſucceſs; for to the ſex, in general, his manners, ſince a former event, had been rather uncivil than polite. Whether this rigid addreſs and auſterity were aſſumed, in order to blind the eyes of his vigilant neighbours, or that he had adopted opinions unfavourable to female honour, from the artifice he had experienced in one abandoned character; whether opinion

or paſſion were moſt prevalent, no one but himſelf could decide: but his conduct in private intrigue was one continued ſcene of licentious freedom.

The unguarded manner in which Elvira had been betrayed to a diſcovery of her ſentiments, Beauclaire imputed to his own indiſcretion; an error which, from his delicate ſenſe of honour, he deemed unpardonable. Though eſteem and friendſhip were all he profeſſed, that profeſſion implied more, though he did not wiſh more to be underſtood. That the information he had communicated in regard to Mr. Shallow, though true in every point, and was well intended, yet, from preſent circumſtances, carried a doubtful meaning: and laſtly, that he had expoſed an innocent and ingenuous heart to an imputation which might prove an irreparable injury. His affairs embarraſſed, poſſibly beyond recovery, withheld him from declaring his paſſion. But were he ſo imprudent as to be guided by that impulſe, what could he expect? He was going to a remote country,

country, engaged in an enterprise which might prove unsuccessful; years might elapse ere he returned, if he returned at all. Admitting her affections as strong as his own, they would be at length enfeebled, if not wholly destroyed, by suspense, uncertainty, and disquietude. That the external advantages she possessed were sure to engage the flattery and adulation of the fashionable world: that her endowments and personal merit would secure her the esteem of the discerning few; and that of course some happy one would be at length distinguished by her preference: though the last thought nearly drove him to madness, yet, circumstanced as he was, he resolved to act well, and compound with his sufferings for the rest. To renounce all further pretensions to an object, with whom every idea of happiness was now connected, was the only sacrifice he could make for his imprudence: Beauclaire forgot that in this instance he was reasoning with the passions, which had by far the best of the argument. He sat down to write to

Elvira; but his language was ſo feeble, ſo inadequate to his feelings, that he haſtily tore the paper, and then determined on ſpeaking to her, candidly acknowledging his imprudence in the unguarded expreſſions he had uſed of friendſhip and eſteem.

In a few days he was to ſet off for Portſmouth, ſo that no time was to be loſt: after paſſing the night in a ſtate of mind which could only be equalled by equal diſtreſs, he ſunk into a ſlumber: when he awoke, his ſpirits were more compoſed; and the flattering image of Elvira, faithfully attached to him, appeared as a dream. He took a retroſpect of the paſt day, and, recollecting the contemplation in which he had ſurpriſed her at the grotto, imputed the emotion ſhe afterwards expreſſed to ſome prior cauſe. "It muſt be ſo," ſaid he; "ſhe gave me no encouragement to ſpeak; on the contrary, endeavoured inſtantly to retire. Had ſhe felt that tenderneſs for me I vainly thought, ſhe would have been happy in the opportunity of hearing

hearing what I had to propoſe?" This laſt reflection convinced him he had been miſguided by hope, and that the friendſhip he had profeſſed in ſo early a ſtage of their acquaintance was ſure to diſpleaſe, rather than flatter a woman of Elvira's underſtanding: without that, either letter or perſonal interview would only tend to his further diſcredit. He then determined on ſending an apology to Lady Hartley—— began his note—but for the life of him could find no excuſe that would anſwer his purpoſe. His Lordſhip's inſinuation then aſſailed him with redoubled force: to fly from obſervation, would be ſure to confirm his daſtardly ſuſpicion. "No," ſaid he, "I will go, and, by the openneſs of my conduct, repel his cowardly attack. Elvira's honour, as well as my own, demand this from me. I received his apology; and having done ſo, cannot retract it—but he ſhall know I rather yielded to it from reſpect to Elvira, than from any conſideration to himſelf.

Elvira's feelings, though more under the influence of reaſon, very frequently took the lead. Beauclaire had made a deep impreſſion on her heart. While conſtantly in the habit of ſeeing and converſing with him, ſhe was ignorant of the aſcendency of her affection, but the idea of ſeparation ſoon convinced her of its force. She, at firſt, attributed her diſtreſs to apprehenſions of the danger to which he might be expoſed, and that ſhe ſhould feel the ſame for any other whoſe character was equally deſerving of eſteem, and whoſe life was ſo juſtly valued by his friends. But to apply this compariſon ſhe was at a loſs: ſeveral young men of high worth and perſonal merit, who viſited at Lord Hartley's, were in the ſame ſituation; but their danger did not occur. A military life ſhe conſidered as the very one in which the nobler qualities are more immediately ſeen, and where the virtues are generally found more pure than in any other profeſſion. Elvira was then directed by ſound judgment—ſhe felt no plea from the paſſions, but ſuch as reaſon

ſon approved. The latter had now little proſpect of ſucceſs; ſtill ſhe was determined of exerting it to the utmoſt. The ſenſe of ſhame has ſo powerful an hold on a young mind, that it very frequently overcomes every other conſideration, and rouſes its beſt reſolutions. When ſhe reflected that Lord Beauclaire's acquaintance was of a ſhort ſtanding—his merits almoſt unknown to her, and that Lord Hartley had ſo pointedly reproved him on the preceding day, though in an indirect manner; uniting theſe circumſtances with the ſudden profeſſion he had made of his friendſhip, ſhe began to think with more compoſure of his departure, and to blame herſelf for ſuffering a perſonal regard to warp her mind. "Had he," ſaid ſhe, "expreſſed a paſſion for me, or even intimated ſuch a ſubject, it ſurely would have been time enough to imagine myſelf the object of his preference!—He did not ſuggeſt ſuch an idea. The moſt remote hint never eſcaped him, to juſtify my attachment."—He was on this very day to dine at the Park. Her manners were na-

turally unreſerved, for as ſhe had nothing to conceal, ſhe had no occaſion for diſguiſe;—but here was a part to act, in which a little innocent duplicity was neceſſary. Elvira knew not what duplicity meant; but recollecting her uncle's favourite maxim of caution, ſhe called this prudential friend to her aid, and perſuaded herſelf it would anſwer her purpoſe.

She was ſtanding with Lord Hartley at one of the windows which looked on the avenue, when Lord Beauclaire's carriage appeared; his Lordſhip, with eyes rivetted on her countenance, ſaid, in a half whiſper—"The happy man! he is at length arrived."—Elvira was not prepared for this; her face was inſtantly ſuffuſed with a deep bluſh, and, turning from the window without attempting an anſwer, was haſtening to take a chair by her friend, when his Lordſhip was announced. The room ſhortly after filled, and Elvira was in hopes to eſcape the attention of her hoſt, as well as his now-dreaded gueſt. Mr. Shallow took a ſeat by her's, and as more than uſually attentive.

attentive. He endeavoured to draw her into converſation; but her reſerve baffled all his attempts.—Yes and No was the whole he could obtain.—Dinner was announced, and ſhe could not refuſe him her hand into the adjoining room. Shallow, of courſe, took his place by her. Beauclaire, though heartily mortified in being ſo diſtant from his fair friend, and ſeeing her expoſed to the importunities of a man, of whoſe villany ſhe had been ſo recently apprized; yet thought it, upon the whole, the ſafeſt ſecurity againſt Lord Hartley's farther inſinuations. A juſt ſenſe of propriety, which, on this occaſion, ſtood his friend, ſeemed to bid defiance to a whole hoſt of paſſions. Shallow, on the contrary, with whom ſelf was the prevailing object, was poſſibly the moſt ill-bred travelled man who ever fell into poliſhed life. Among the men he was reckoned a boor, and by the fair ſex a literary Cerberus. Having read a bad tranſlation of Ariſtotle's Metaphyſics, he felt himſelf poſſeſſed of an extenſive part of human learning: and, animated, as he

thought, by ſome happy improvements of his own in this ſcience, he contrived to procure himſelf admiſſion into the ſociety of *Les bas Bleus:* but this abſtruſe knowledge not being allowed a diſcuſſion in a female ſynod, Shallow withdrew his pretenſions; and from that time had been barking and ſnarling at all the female deſcendants of Apollo.——Lord Hartley's table was the place in which he felt a particular delight in the ſucceſs of his talents; for as no one was ever at the trouble of refuting him, he conſtrued this ſilence to be a deference to his judgment; and ſo abſorbed has he been at times in the depth of his demonſtrations, that when he has raiſed his eyes to receive the plaudits of his audience, found it to conſiſt of empty chairs, every member having gently filed off, to convince the philoſopher of the powerful effects of matter and motion. In converſation with women his poverty of invention was ſuch, that if he complimented one, it was ſure to be at the expence of the reſt.

Elvira

Elvira had been the unwilling victim of his adulation till Lady Hartley retired to the drawing-room. Mrs. Seymour, a particular friend of Lady Hartley, and a great admirer of Elvira, began to rally her about Mr. Shallow; to which ſhe replied, with ſome warmth, that his manners alone were an effectual antidote even to civility. Lady Hartley, ſurpriſed at Elvira's unuſual ſeverity, begged her to ſay if he had expreſſed any penchant to excite ſo lively a ſenſation? But even the queſtion ſeemed to diſpleaſe, and her ſerious countenance was too obvious to paſs unobſerved by her affectionate hoſteſs. She, as well as Mrs. Seymour, attempted to rally her, but all to no purpoſe.

Tears, at moments, fell down her cheek, and frequent ſighs, unconſcious to herſelf, ſtole from her afflicted boſom. The evening was far advanced, and the gentlemen, according to cuſtom, remaining in the dining parlour, Mrs. Seymour took leave. Lady Hartley now urged her, with great earneſtneſs, to diſcloſe the cauſe of her

uneaſineſs; that ſomething had too ſtrongly affected her was viſible; and of whatever nature it might be, it ſhould be certain of finding in her a warm friend and ſincere counſellor, as far as her judgment could be of ſervice. Elvira, in ſome degree, relieved by this tender ſympathy, began by acquainting her of ſomething Mr. Shallow had ſaid at dinner of engaging his Lordſhip's intereſt for addreſſing——Here ſhe was interrupted by the ſound of voices, which came from the adjoining room.—Lady Hartley was haſtening towards the door, when a ſervant came in for Lord Beauclaire's hat. On enquiring if any thing had happened, he anſwered, he believed ſome words had ariſen between Lord Beauclaire and Mr. Shallow, but they were now over.—Elvira, who readily gueſſed the cauſe, fell into ſo violent a perturbation of ſpirits, that Lady Hartley could barely ſupport her to the ſofa. The whole was a dream—but this not the moment to have it explained. As ſoon as Elvira could ſpeak, ſhe begged to retire: Lady Hartley remained

mained with her ſome time, when ſhe received a meſſage deſiring her preſence in the drawing-room. The impreſſion her Ladyſhip had received of Mr. Shallow's preſuming manners, from the little ſhe had heard, made her very reſerved towards him; but obſerving that he was much fluſhed with wine, was cautious of betraying her diſpleaſure. He ſhortly after took leave, and Lord and Lady Hartley, contrary to cuſtom, were left *tête-à-tête.*—His Lordſhip was more than uſually communicative;—mentioned the diſpute between Lord Beauclaire and Mr. Shallow, which, he ſaid, had riſen, from the imprudence of the latter, to ſuch a height, that, but for the friendly interference of Colonel Raymond, matters muſt have ended very ſeriouſly.—Elvira is the innocent cauſe, but it is proper to keep the whole from her knowledge. Beauclaire is a young man of ſingular merit; and were there not ſuch inſurmountable obſtacles to his forming, at preſent, any ſerious attachment, I know of no one I ſhould

ſhould ſo ſoon prefer for our young friend. Lord Hartley had two motives for this ſeeming unreſerve;—to obtain a full knowledge of Elvira's ſentiments with regard to Beauclaire, and from his own perſonal encomiums and profeſſions of eſteem, effectually to ſhield himſelf againſt ſuſpicion of the atrocious villany he had prepared.—Lady Hartley obſerved, that ſhe thought Elvira rather partial to Lord Beauclaire; but this was her own obſervation, for ſhe had never heard her ſay a word reſpecting him. Lord Hartley did not give full credit to the laſt ſentence; but his plots were ſo interwoven, that he was fearful of weakening the principal clue by farther obſervation.—Lady Hartley requeſted to know the particulars of the diſpute?—Mr. Shallow ſpoke ſo warmly of Miſs Mordaunt, that Beauclaire reſented it as an encroachment on his pretenſions—but his Lordſhip was rather exhilirated by wine; (a ſnare which too evidently had been laid for him), and what is ſaid in ſuch unguarded moments we think no more of.—He then aſked where Elvira was?

was? Lady Hartley ſaid, ſhe was a little indiſpoſed, and going to bed when ſhe left her. This gave his Lordſhip an opportunity of mentioning the meeting between her and Beauclaire, and his apprehenſions, from her unuſual paleneſs, that ſhe had been ſuddenly taken ill. Lady Hartley replied, ſhe had not made any complaint; but that ſhe would return to her, and had no doubt but a night's reſt would reſtore her.—Elvira was bathed in tears when her friend entered; and though ſhe anxiouſly wiſhed to hear the particulars of the diſpute, could not truſt herſelf to utter a word upon the ſubject. Lady Hartley, fully perſuaded her affections to Beauclaire were more deeply engaged than ſhe had thought poſſible, felt the ſuſpenſe under which ſhe laboured almoſt as keenly as herſelf. She told her, however, with ſeeming indifference as to the cauſe, that the gentlemen had been a little elevated by wine, and Mr. Shallow, as uſual, unguarded in his expreſſions, but that Colonel Raymond had compoſed all differences, and they

parted

parted amicably. Elvira was now relieved from the moſt diſtreſſing reflections, for ſhe had apprehended, and with reaſon, from what Beauclaire had informed her, that ſome miſunderſtanding had ariſen with regard to Shallow's intended propoſals, yet how or in what manner communicated ſhe was at a loſs to gueſs.

Lady Hartley's account ſilenced her fears, and, the night being far advanced, her Ladyſhip retired to her own chamber. Elvira, whoſe ſpirits were too diſcompoſed for ſleep, roſe at a very early hour, and hoped to diſſipate her attention by reading. She took up a volume of Atterbury, and opened on a ſermon which treats of anxiety and ſolicitude as a diſtruſt of God's providence, recommending a patient ſubmiſſion of ourſelves to the divine will and appointment, as the great duty of Chriſtianity. She was near the concluſion of a diſcourſe, which had operated as a cordial upon her oppreſſed frame, when ſhe was rouſed by the ſound of horſes feet and the ſtable bell ringing with repeated violence. She haſtened

ened to the window, threw it up—but all was ſolemn darkneſs. She liſtened to hear what was ſaid, but could diſtinguiſh no other words than "Murder—weltering in blood," and "your Lord." She now awaked her maid, who ſlept in an adjoining room, entreated her to haſten down, and enquire what dreadful accident had happened. She quickly returned almoſt breathleſs with horror, and, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſaid, a murder had been juſt committed—ſhe knew not on whom; but that his Lordſhip was ſent for to come inſtantly. Beauclaire, in ſuch a ſituation, was the laſt perſon in her thoughts. But humanity prompted her to go inſtantly to his Lordſhip's door. Reflecting, however, that the atrocious deed was already perpetrated, and that ſuch ſudden ſurpriſe, in the dead of night, might render his preſence ineffectual, ſhe pauſed for a few ſeconds, when ſhe heard a gentle rap, which was repeated a conſiderable time. The meſſenger was ſtill on his horſe—every moment expecting an anſwer; but his patience being at length exhauſted,

exhauſted, he vociferated ſo loudly at the gates, that the ſervant kept an inceſſant knocking till his Lordſhip anſwered. He then acquainted him that a ſervant of Colonel Raymond's was juſt arrived with a meſſage to his Lordſhip, deſiring his immediate attendance in conſequence of a dreadful accident which had happened, but of what nature he knew not, (having received ſtrict orders to conceal the murder from Lord Hartley). His Lordſhip roſe and deſired the meſſenger might come to his chamber while he dreſſed. The man re-delivered the meſſage at the door;—his Lordſhip anxiouſly enquired the nature of the accident, and if the Colonel had been preſent? The ſervant went not beyond his commiſſion; but replied, his maſter was in bed, and called up in conſequence of what had happened. After repeated expreſſions of concern, he bade the man get ſomething to drink and wait till his horſes were ready, which he ordered with the utmoſt expedition. It is evident he detained the meſſenger till the aſſaſſin was beyond reach,

as

as more than five hours had elapſed by the time he contrived to reach Phœnix Lodge. Confident of the fidelity as well as ſkill of the wretch he had thus inhumanly employed, he had no doubt, from the frame of the meſſage, but that all was as he could wiſh.

When the Colonel met his Lordſhip, he had not ſo far recovered the effects of the ſhock as to be able immediately to ſpeak. He was a man of unbounded humanity; and the horror he conceived at ſuch a villainous act, inſtigated him to ſend, in the firſt inſtance, for Lord Hartley, as a principal magiſtrate, and alſo the intimate friend of Lord Beauclaire;—but he ſhortly acquainted him with the following particulars, previouſly obſerving his Lordſhip was yet alive:—That his carriage, after ſetting him down, had been ſtopped at the entrance of the Red-deer Park; the poſtilion gagged; the ſervant diſmounted and tied to a tree; the right-hand glaſs was then pulled down, and the aſſaſſin aimed a piſtol at his Lordſhip's left breaſt, who, endeavouring to riſe while firing, the ball lodged under the third rib;

finding

finding he had miſſed his aim, he rode furiouſly off.

Such is the poſtilion's account.

The loſs of blood was ſo conſiderable before aſſiſtance could be procured, that when his Lordſhip was lifted out of the carriage he was to all appearance dead: but two of the principal ſurgeons at Newcaſtle had been immediately ſent for, and the ball was extracted.

Lord Hartley liſtened with the moſt anxious attention to the Colonel's narrative; and expreſſed, by the emotions of his countenance, all the indignation and horror which the malignity of the action would naturally excite. The Colonel propoſed, ſo that no time might be loſt, and that ſeveral people ſhould be diſpatched different ways in purſuit of the aſſaſſin;—two of his own ſervants had been ſent out on the firſt intelligence, but more than an hour had then elapſed; and a third was gone to the Mayor, with orders that the ſame ſhould be publicly notified; and the promiſe of a conſiderable reward

ward for apprehending him. The Colonel's prompitude and zeal were warmly ſeconded by his Lordſhip; but he wiſhed to ſuſpend all converſation upon the ſubject, till he knew the ſurgeon's opinion, a great deal depending on that circumſtance. Their apprehenſions of ſerious conſequences, unleſs the fever ſhortly abated, determined the Colonel on ſending an expreſs to the Earl of Sefton.

Who the perſon could be was now conſidered.—Shallow frequently occurred; but the benevolence of the Colonel's mind was ever a drawback againſt ſuſpicion, unleſs ſtrong corroborating circumſtances juſtified accuſation. The diſpute on the preceding evening aroſe from a miſunderſtanding too trivial in itſelf to have been regarded, had not the parties been elevated by wine;—but the aſſaſſination was a premeditated plan. His Lordſhip did not entirely concur; he was of opinion, that a weak mind might receive impreſſions of what it deemed an injury, without mature deliberation, and reſent the ſuppoſed injury with equal impetuoſity.

tuoſity. But (his Lordſhip added) he was wholly unacquainted with Mr. Shallow's character. His manners were againſt him, joined to the low habit of ſpeaking ill of others upon perſonal conſideration: and this laſt circumſtance, obſerved his Lordſhip, with ſtrong emphaſis, operates againſt him.

Lord Hartley's diſcernment, added to his impartiality as a Magiſtrate, gave him great weight in the county; and his ſeeming frankneſs of mind entitled even his opinions to confidence and reſpect. In the ſeat of juſtice, ſo rigidly had he maintained the integrity of a Judge, as to have given juſt decrees againſt perſons from whom he had experienced perſonal fidelity and attachment. So far his virtue appeared incorruptible.

The Colonel, however, kept to the point, and advanced many ſtrong arguments againſt even the appearance of ſuſpicion in Mr. Shallow.

Lord Hartley, as a public character, was obliged to take every meaſure, in order to apprehend and puniſh the aſſaſſin. But this

this was all which could be expected from him in a judicial capacity, or, indeed, as a friend to the injured party.

The report, with every aggravation, preſently reached Lady Hartley, who immediately ſent to the Colonel's for particulars, having previouſly queſtioned Elvira's maid, and then laid a ſtrict injunction on her ſecrecy. The dreadful intelligence arrived, with no other alleviating circumſtance than that his Lordſhip was alive, and his recovery very doubtful—but ſtill there was hope. Reflecting ſome time how ſhe ſhould act with reſpect to Elvira, decided on ſecrecy, till Lord Hartley's return. The anxiety of her own mind almoſt diſqualified her for any converſation with her diſtreſſed friend: but ſhe had been long in the habit of ſacrificing her own feelings to the comfort and relief of others; and this was the moment when affection and ſympathy were ſure of having a juſt reward. Elvira laboured under the moſt poignant diſtreſs, and frequently ſent to enquire if her Ladyſhip was ſtirring; who had prudently given orders

ders to her woman to wait till ſhe rang. The interval was employed as has been already mentioned.

When they met, Elvira's agitation was ſuch, that her friend felt herſelf compelled to ſay ſomething; but, to be as brief as poſſible, told her the accident had happened to an acquaintance of Colonel Raymond, who having forbad his ſervant to ſay more, there was every reaſon to hope it was not of a nature ſo alarming as had been at firſt apprehended. Elvira frequently attempted to enquire who the perſon was, but Lady Hartley, in order to avoid all explanation, without doing violence to truth, obſerved in a complacent tone of reproof, that ſhe thought his Lordſhip did not wiſh any thing farther to be ſaid till his return.

The altercation between Lord Beauclaire and Mr. Shallow now returned to her diſtreſſed imagination; and, regardleſs of betraying her affections, or of urging a queſtion which had been ſo evidently avoided, entreated Lady Hartley, with ſuch earneſtneſs, to ſay if Lord Beauclaire was ſafe,

ſafe, that ſilence was no longer poſſible. She pauſed ſome minutes; and this dreadful ſuſpenſe gave her time for reflection: for the ſorrow which hung over Elvira was ſuch, that her friend judged it proper to communicate the worſt, and adminiſter conſolation to her afterwards. The aſſaſſination ſhe could not ſoften; but added, that as immediate aſſiſtance had been procured, ſhe had no doubt of a favourable account.—Though Elvira's mind was relieved from the agoniſing conflict, grief, the moſt tender and afflicting, inſtantly took place. Lady Hartley ſat ſome moments contemplating her awful diſtreſs. At length ſhe ſpoke, and endeavoured to rouſe her to tears; but this was not eaſily effected, for the various ſenſations which operated in her gentle boſom were not of a nature to yield to any argument which friendſhip could offer. She felt herſelf the cauſe of Beauclaire's murder; and this thought overwhelmed every other. When ſhe recovered powers for utterance, ſelf-accuſation was expreſſed by ſuch pathetic emotions, that her friend be-

gan to fear her brain was affected. Though her ſympathy was poſſibly the moſt endearing, ſhe felt the neceſſity of counteracting it, by exciting Elvira's reaſoning faculties; and at length convinced her of the impoſſibility of her being the cauſe, however remote, of Lord Beauclaire's misfortune. Elvira was ſenſibly hurt when her friend ſuggeſted that he poſſibly had made propoſals: as the queſtion implied too much ſenſibility on her part, unleſs that had happened, ſhe inſtantly replied, he had not; and, by degrees, candidly related how he had ſurpriſed her in the grotto, and what he had ſaid, concealing only the information relative to Mr. Shallow.—At this moment that gentleman was announced, and Elvira withdrew.

She now began to reflect on the impropriety of her conduct in giving way to firſt emotions, and encouraging a paſſion which, even admitting her unhappy friend's recovery, ſhe had no one reaſon to juſtify. Half repenting the raſh confidence placed in Lady Hartley, ſhe bluſhed as ſhe acknowledged her indiſcretion, and determined

mined on reſiſting every thought which led to Beauclaire's affection. "But at this moment," ſaid ſhe, "he may be dead, and though dear to me as the breath I draw, I will learn to forget him." At this laſt idea her tenderneſs and ſorrow ſeemed to have acquired double force; and when Lady Hartley entered her chamber ſhe was ſo abſorbed in thought as not to perceive her. At length her Ladyſhip ſpoke, and endeavoured to adminiſter all the conſolation in her power; ſhe informed her that Mr. Shallow came to enquire the particulars, and was gone to Colonel Raymond's. "It is evident," obſerved Lady Hartley, "that he is as innocent of this affair as yourſelf. He ſpoke very reſpectfully of our friend; and the worſt that can be ſaid of him is, he more frequently errs from want of reflection than want of principle." The wretched day was at length cloſed by his Lordſhip's return: he ſeemed thoughtful and perturbed, barely noticing either his wife or Elvira; heaved deep ſighs, and repeated, as if to himſelf, in half-broken ſentences, "We

ſhall loſe!—we ſhall certainly loſe—this excellent young man!"—"Is he then worſe?" ſaid Lady Hartley, with great emotion. "He is ſuch a ſpectacle as a friend could ſcarce ſee and live! (glancing at Elvira, and perceiving her almoſt breathleſs)—Still there is hope.—(Here ſhe anxiouſly obſerved his Lordſhip)—but that hope is too feeble for reaſon to graſp at." The rack could barely have produced more excruciating tortures than what this unfeeling wretch excited by his ſavage ſport of grief; yet the tones of his voice were ſuch as conveyed the deepeſt pangs of affliction. Elvira's pity ſtifled for a time all her own private ſorrow. At any other moment how gladly would ſhe have embraced this humane ſenſation; but it was Beauclaire's misfortunes, not himſelf, which called it forth. This reflection ſtung him ſo deeply, that he roſe in order to avoid obſervation, ſlightly wiſhed Elvira good night, and retired. Lady Hartley was at a loſs whether ſhe ſhould follow him; but as he had only noticed Elvira on leaving the room, ſhe inferred that he

he wiſhed to have ſome converſation with her alone. Elvira took the hint, and, embracing her kind friend, retired.—Lord Hartley, as before obſerved, had diſſimulation enough to paſs upon the generous, unſuſpicious Colonel for a perſon of blunt honeſty and fidelity, without any vice to bias him in the execution of juſtice.—To Elvira he had ever teſtified paternal care and tenderneſs, and, though his manners to the ſex in general were far from pleaſing, he was not unſkilled in the ſoft arts which win their favour. The youth and innocence of Elvira, added to the friendſhip he profeſſed, laid her open to all his plots and ſtratagems. He for a long time had endeavoured to conquer a paſſion he felt rapidly increaſing; but the ſudden jealouſy Lord Beauclaire's attention had rouſed, determined him at once. Beauclaire had, as yet, concealed from Lord Hartley the orders he had received for a foreign ſervice, being too well acquainted with his character to truſt him with the dangerous information, till he had previouſly warned Elvira on the

ſubject. The morning he followed her to the grove he had fully determined to execute his purpoſe; but her ſpirits were too much affected by other circumſtances to enable him to accompliſh his laudable deſign. Lord Hartley ever flattered himſelf that his conduct to the ſex, ſo ſecretly managed, had eluded the obſervation and ſuſpicion of all his acquaintance; and Beauclaire, but recently returned from a long reſidence on the Continent, was the laſt perſon he could ſuppoſe likely to know it. But Elvira ſo wholly engroſſed his paſſion, that he fancied a rival in every one who frequented his houſe. The familiar eaſe and embarraſſed looks of this innocent pair, when he met them alone in the walks, amounted to a full confirmation of his ſuſpicions. Deſpairing of ſucceſs by ordinary means, he determined on putting an effectual ſtop to Beauclaire's pretenſions. The invitation to dinner on the following day was preparatory to his deſign.

He rode out, as uſual, unattended, and went to Banniſter, the pander of his vices: him

him he bound to ſecrecy, by the promiſe of an annuity and an immediate ſum, if he would undertake to perpetrate a murder on the following night. Banniſter, who had never been engaged in ſuch a horrid tranſaction, ſhuddered at the propoſal. But his patron ridiculed his fears, and valued his courage by the heroiſm of the action, and ridding the country of a wretch, who, in ſtrict juſtice, would long ſince have been brought to the gallows. Banniſter, when he firſt became known to his Lordſhip, was in the loweſt indigence; and to the wages of ſin was now indebted for a comfortable ſubſiſtence. To refuſe this horrid requeſt might deprive him of all ſupport; for as he had never been bound to ſecrecy on any former employment, he had no claim upon his Lordſhip's future protection. Inſtigated by the dread of relapſing into his former miſerable condition, he undertook to perpetrate the deed. The whole ſcheme was now planned. His remote and retired

dwelling prevented all diſcovery of abſence; and his immediate return and appearance on the following day at Newcaſtle, while the ſearch was making, would effectually ſecure him from ſuſpicion. The fellow was ſhrewd, and boldly made the attempt.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

LORD HARTLEY, ſhortly after Elvira left the room, ſent to deſire her Ladyſhip's preſence in the library. After a ſecond tragical exhibition of his ſorrow, he led her to a full diſcovery of Elvira's partiality. Affliction will unite for a time the moſt diſcordant principles; and what could Lady Hartley have to fear from an acknowledgment of her friend's attachment? The whole of her huſband's conduct towards Elvira had been paternal, friendly, and affectionate.

Inflamed by all the turbulent paſſions of rage, reſentment, and jealouſy, with difficulty could he reſtrain himſelf from perſonal violence. He approached Lady Hartley with a menacing countenance; uttered ſome half-broken ſentences, then

wildly ſtalked acroſs the room. She humanely attributed this violent conflict to his friend's hopeleſs condition, and the affliction which his death would cauſe to their amiable gueſt; ſo that the very arguments ſhe employed to alleviate his diſtreſs, almoſt drove him to madneſs. His dread of diſcovery again revived; and after joining in her laſt wiſh, that a recovery and union might ſtill take place, each retired to their apartment.

On the third day his Lordſhip was pronounced out of danger. Lord Hartley was very cautious in not over acting his part. He called daily, and occaſionally ſent; but avoided every demonſtration of officious anxiety. Colonel Raymond's feeling, honeſt heart kept him conſtantly at the hermitage, both as a kind comforter to the afflicted Earl, Lord Beauclaire's father, and to be at hand when the patient might wiſh to receive him. His recovery, though ſlow, was ſtill certain. The Colonel never failed ſitting by him at different times in the courſe of the day; but would not ſuffer him

him to talk till the fever entirely ſubſided. Indeed, it was principally to his judicious management that Beauclaire owed his recovery. Lady Hartley had frequently rode to the gates, and ſent in enquiries: At the laſt viſit the Colonel came out, and begged her Ladyſhip to alight; that he was ſure his friend would be happy to ſee her. Lady Hartley followed with ſincere ſatisfaction to his Lordſhip's chamber: his ſpirits were far better than ſhe expected, though his looks were ghaſtly. It is not here offered as a new remark, that the firſt emotions of a good mind are ſeldom upon guard, which delights in giving pleaſure, be the conſequence what it may. Lady Hartley, anxious to adminiſter ſome conſolation to poor Beauclaire, aſſured him, that Elvira heartily joined in the unanimous wiſhes of his friends for a ſpeedy recovery: an electric ſhock might have produced more ſurpriſe, though it could never have produced thoſe delightful ſenſations his tender heart now experienced. His eye, which till that moment ſeemed

ſunk in its ſocket, now reſumed its moſt animated expreſſion. Lady Hartley inſtantly recollecting ſhe had gone too far, from the prudent caution which ſhe had hitherto obſerved towards Elvira, blamed her imprudence; but for the life of her could not attempt to retract. Apprehenſive that ſome converſation might follow on the ſubject, ſhe roſe, and, taking a friendly leave, promiſed a ſecond viſit very ſhortly. Though Beauclaire had loſt much bodily ſtrength, his mind ſtill maintained its reaſoning faculties in full vigour; and he perceived, with his uſual diſcernment, all that paſſed in Lady Hartley's mind, but from delicacy withheld a requeſt ſtill vibrating on his lips.

Being now able to converſe, the Earl and Colonel entered into the ſubject of the aſſaſſination with the utmoſt unreſerve. What poſſible motive could have inſtigated to the perpetration of ſuch a deed, who the aſſaſſin could be, and by whom employed; for notwithſtanding the moſt diligent ſearch had been made, no diſcovery

covery had taken place. Beauclaire, without heſitation, attached his ſuſpicions to Lord Hartley. The Colonel could not have expreſſed more aſtoniſhment, had he been himſelf accuſed. The Earl had been formerly in habits of intimacy with Lord Hartley, but being a man of quick diſcernment, had read his character: diſſimulation and deep-rooted revenge were its principal features. He related, very minutely, ſeveral circumſtances which corroborated his aſſertion; but his ſon had no connection with him further than a common acquaintance; and that as a rival, or competitor, he was wholly out of the queſtion. Here Beauclaire begged leave to ſpeak, and mentioned his Lordſhip's meeting Miſs Mordaunt and himſelf; his inſinuation, both in looks and ſpeech; that Lady's ſituation at Kelſborough; her youth, beauty, and powerful attractions; the peculiar innocence of her manners, and his Lordſhip's licentious principles with regard to the ſex. The honeſt Colonel thought his friend's brain deranged, and

and earneſtly intreated that for the preſent all retroſpect of the ſubject might be ſuſpended. Beauclaire, though his thoughts were rivetted to the point, could not refrain ſmiling at the humanity of the Colonel's caution; but aſſured him, he was never more himſelf than when he pronounced his Lordſhip a villain.

The whole tranſaction was now felt with accumulated horror: the rank and advanced age of Lord Hartley operated ſtrongly with the Colonel; ſtill could it be fairly proved he was the aſſaſſin, or had been acceſſary to the deed, he ought to be tried by the laws of his country; but the difficulty of producing poſitive evidence ſtifled the attempt: circumſtantial evidence, founded on no other facts than thoſe Lord Beauclaire had ſtated, were not in themſelves ſufficient for accuſation. That ſhould the ſuppoſed delinquent be brought to trial, he could not be condemned without witneſſes; and where were they to be found? Suppoſing him honourably acquitted, the impeachment would be

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an indelible ſtain on Lord Beauclaire's character. The Earl concurred in the opinion. But the queſtion was, if he eſcaped without a full ſenſe of his danger, whether there remained a probable hope that remorſe would ſo far ſtand his friend, that his ſon might be ſecure from his future villany? Surely not! That very ſecurity was leſs likely to produce repentance, than to excite new ſchemes for diſappointed revenge. His firſt attempts had been fruſtrated; but principles ſo depraved, ſo abandoned as his, were not readily ſilenced. In ſhort, his ſon's ſafety was evidently ſo precarious, that this conſideration determined him to conſult one of the judges, his particular friend, then on the northern circuit, and in a few days expected at Newcaſtle. Beauclaire reaſoned the caſe very differently: his humanity ſtifled all ſentiments of revenge; but warmly tenacious of his honour, which had been ſoiled by Lord Hartley's baſe inſinuation, he felt it indiſpenſably incumbent on him to demand an explanation. He owed

owed this juſtice to Elvira, as well as to himſelf: admitting that he could, from tenderneſs to her feelings, compound for the inſult, yet her unprotected ſituation left her a victim to this wretch's inſatiable paſſion. This reflection ſubdued every other, and ſo affected his mind, that the fever returned with many alarming ſymptoms: the Colonel urged him to compoſure, with the ſtrongeſt aſſurance that himſelf and family would ſecure Elvira from every danger: to accompliſh this ſtep would be attended with ſome difficulty; but he had embarked in the cauſe, and would remove every obſtacle to its ſucceſs. He then wrote to Mrs. Raymond, who was making the annual viſit to her mother, and requeſted her immediate return. During the interval he called, as uſual, at the park: the ſeſſions were then ſitting at Newcaſtle, where Lord Hartley, as a magiſtrate, was obliged to attend. This was a fortunate circumſtance. Elvira's ſpirits had recovered a tolerable degree of compoſure, and Lady Hartley had prevailed

vailed on her to reſume her riding exerciſes. The Colonel, with his uſual good humour, offered to accompany her in his Lordſhip's abſence. There was a peculiar unreſerve in Elvira, which invited to confidence; a trait in her character, perfectly congenial with the frankneſs and honeſty of the Colonel's mind: the late event was the ſubject by which they were equally engroſſed. This introduced Beauclaire of courſe; and at any other moment a little innocent raillery would have been fair: but here the Colonel was upon guard. He ſoon diſcovered rather by what ſhe did not ſay, than by what ſhe did, that his departure for America wholly engaged her thoughts. The climate, the ſituation, the hoſtilities which had lately appeared between the two nations, were, it is true, common topics; but they included her beloved friend, and enabled her to converſe about him, unperceived, as ſhe thought, by her companion. Her uncle—her viſit to Lady Hartley—their London journey put off, as common ſubjects,

jects, naturally occurred. The laſt intelligence was the very point on which the Colonel built his friendly motives. Mrs. Raymond returned, to whom he communicated the particulars of the late melancholy affair. This good lady entered very warmly into the ſubject, and anticipated the Colonel's requeſt of an invitation to Miſs Mordaunt to ſpend the winter with them in town. Lady Hartley and Mrs. Raymond were upon terms of ſtrict intimacy: a long friendſhip had ſubſiſted between them, and the latter had no doubt but that ſuch a propoſal from her would be readily accepted. His Lordſhip had always profeſſed a high eſteem for that lady; and from his opinion of her judgment frequently conſulted her upon ſubjects of importance: indeed, he held her in ſome degree of awe: no unfavourable advantage on the preſent occaſion. The Colonel's acquaintance with Lord Beauclaire had commenced but this ſummer, ſo that his noble and diſintereſted conduct aroſe ſolely from the natural goodneſs of his

his heart. To Mrs. Raymond his Lordſhip was wholly a ſtranger; but his diſtreſs familiarized him equally to her benevolence. The Earl having privately taken judicial opinion, was prevailed on to give up all thoughts of a proſecution.

Each had now a new part to act. Beauclaire would on no conſideration viſit at the park, or be in his Lordſhip's company during his ſhort ſtay in England. Though zealous for the welfare of his country, and warmly animated with military glory, he hinted to his father that his preſent ſituation would juſtify a reſignation. The Earl was affectionately fond of his ſon; but too ſanguine in the general cauſe of freedom to yield to any argument but that of joining his regiment as ſoon as his health ſhould be perfectly re-eſtabliſhed. He had been himſelf a ſucceſsful veteran, in many campaigns, and the ſame intrepid valour, and martial ſpirit, diſtinguiſhed his ſon.

Beauclaire, though ſomewhat relieved by Mrs. Raymond's propoſed plan, was ſtill

ſtill far from being at eaſe, till convinced of its ſucceſs. To quit England, and leave Elvira uncertain of the real ſtate of his heart, was not poſſible. In his affection for her he had wholly forgotten ſhe was heireſs to a ſplendid fortune. This recollection was a drawback upon any overtures he could make. The imputation of a ſordid intereſted paſſion every feeling of his mind revolted at. Deeply engaged in this combat, between love and honour, his mare, which he had thus mounted for the firſt time ſince his illneſs, being left to her own movements, gradually proceeded to Kelſborough Woods, but the gate being ſhut, made a full ſtop. Beauclaire, rouſed from his reverie, was ſurpriſed on finding himſelf ſeveral miles out of the road he had ſet out for, and was turning back; the mare was for going forward. This ſhort contention detained him a few minutes. In ſettling the point, his whip fell to the ground; and on diſmounting to pick it up he thought he ſaw a female figure walking by the

the ſide of the plantation. He again looked to be certain, and diſcovered it to be Elvira herſelf, who at this inſtant was as deeply abſorbed as Beauclaire had been a few moments before. But whether love or reaſon moſt prevailed, a confidential writer is not at liberty to diſcloſe. Fearful of ſurpriſe, he addreſſed her in a low voice. She pauſed, and directed her ear towards it. "If Miſs Mordaunt will condeſcend to turn her eye to the road, ſhe will confer no ſmall favour on Beauclaire." This was their firſt meeting ſince the accident: an impaſſable gate, and immoveable plantations, would not have been the very objects one ſhould have wiſhed at ſuch a juncture. The heſperian fruit was not more effectually guarded than the lovely Elvira in her preſent ſituation. A ſunk fence added another obſtacle to ſight: Beauclaire deſcended, in order to hear her; then roſe, to catch a glance. In ſhort, this interview was not only whimſical, but almoſt ridiculous. Unſucceſsful in both his attempts, he mounted his horſe, and

and at length approached near enough to diſtinguiſh the harmony of her voice. Now, why is it that a perſon, wholly indifferent to the merits of an amiable young man, may be allowed an eloquent harrangue on his recovery from imminent danger, while the tender effuſions of an affectionate heart cannot be riſked with ſafety? But ſuch is the caſe; and the Reader muſt judge of this meeting from what his or her ſentiments would have been on a like occaſion, with an exception to ſword or piſtol.

On the following day Elvira was to go to Mrs. Raymond, and remain with her during the abſence of Lord and Lady Hartley. His Lordſhip was much averſe to this journey, though made at the dying requeſt of his mother, who was anxious on communicating ſomething to her ſon in her laſt moments.

Beauclaire was not appriſed of the viſit; but happy accident led him to the lodge a few hours after Elvira's arrival. Little importunity from Mrs. Raymond was wanting

wanting to engage his Lordſhip to dinner. But ſhe impoſed her injunctions at the ſame time, not to return till the following day, whether ſo diſpoſed or not.

Mrs. Raymond, though verging on fifty, retained all the vivacity and ſpirit of youth; ſhe had not forgot what it was to love, and be loved. The Colonel's affectionate attachment to her, added to her own good humour and ſerene diſpoſition, preſerved that harmony and ſocial eaſe which made their houſe the delight, and indeed envy of all who knew them. Beauclaire and Elvira now enjoyed the former without alloy; and as his Lordſhip had communicated to his friends his intention of opening his mind fully to Elvira, as far as it regarded her dangerous ſituation at Kelſborough, and his own attachment, an early opportunity was given for that purpoſe: but Mrs. Raymond prudently ſuggeſted, that as Miſs Mordaunt's expectations were upon an uncle, whoſe ideas were not ſo liberal as his own, he muſt be aware that ſhe could accept of no propoſal without his full

full concurrence. The embarraſſed ſtate of his own affairs was what ſhe wiſhed him to underſtand, without coming directly to the point. He promiſed to obey her friendly hint, and requeſted ſhe would lay a weight upon that circumſtance in any future converſation which might take place upon the ſubject.

The various emotions of Elvira's mind, during Beauclaire's account of Lord Hartley, may be readily conceived by ſuch whoſe innocence and inexperience are equal to her own. So different had every part of his character appeared, that at firſt ſhe ſeemed unwilling to relinquiſh an opinion ſo long indulged. But as ſhe could not doubt Beauclaire's authority as to facts, nor yet his ſuſpicions with regard to himſelf, ſhe determined to leave Kelſborough as ſoon as poſſible. But her attachment to Lady Hartley was ſuch, that every delicacy and reſpect to her muſt be preſerved. The horror that ſuch profligacy and deep-laid villany excited, of a man whoſe virtues ſhe had ſo highly revered,

vered, and to whoſe hoſpitality ſhe felt herſelf largely indebted, ſo ſhook her whole frame, that ſhe begged his Lordſhip, for the preſent, to drop the ſubject. But he endeavoured to compoſe her, by obſerving, that a benevolent concern for ſuch a wretch were feelings thrown away. "Not, my Lord," replied Elvira, "whilſt they unite with it the danger to which an innocent character has been expoſed." Beauclaire requeſted her not to advert to a circumſtance, which was in itſelf of ſo little conſequence: that he had ſurvived the event, and was more than rewarded by the pleaſure of telling her ſo. Elvira would not riſk another expreſſion of concern; but, accidentally caſting a look where the wound had been made, unperceived as ſhe thought, an eloquent ſilence for ſome minutes took place.

Mrs. Raymond had given her the invitation to town. Added to the kindneſs of the motive, the diſtance from Kelſborough was in itſelf a circumſtance too eligible to be declined. But Sir Charles's

conſent had not occurred to her; nor could this be even aſked, without previouſly acquainting Lady Hartley with the invitation. What was to be done? The reſtraint and reſerve occaſioned by ſo extraordinary a concurrence of circumſtances prevented all confidence with her uncle. It was not a narrative to be related in a regular way; nor indeed was it ſafe, or even juſt to communicate mere conjectures, where the honour and integrity of a character were ſo eminently involved. But this ſtep being of too critical a nature to be taken, without mature judgement, they determined to be guided by the Colonel and Mrs. Raymond.

The unreſerve which this long conference naturally produced, inſpired Beauclaire with courage to introduce a ſubject, not leſs intereſting to himſelf than the former. Eſteem and friendſhip he had obtained full credit for, and it is not improbable but that, by this time, ſome ſtronger ſymptoms of good will had appeared. He candidly repreſented the embarraſſed

ſtate

ſtate of his affairs; but honeſt policy could not withhold him from adducing many cogent reaſons in favour of a ſpeedy and ſatisfactory arrangement. At this moment Elvira's glove accidentally dropped. Beauclaire picked it up; and, why he then felt it poſſeſſed of a certain magical power, which made him unwilling to part from it, he alone can explain. Elvira deſired to have it; Beauclaire requeſted to keep it. This ſhe poſitively refuſed; ſo that, to compound for the refuſal, he begged to be permitted to draw it on; and why he ſhould have choſen that very moment for declaring his paſſion, Philoſophers beſt can tell. What reception it met with, a heavy ſtorm of hail prevented the writer from hearing, and drove them, unfortunately, into the bower.

CHAP. V.

THE return of the Kelſborough family was expected in a few days, ſo that the ſhort interval was made the moſt of.—Beauclaire, ſecure in Elvira's affection, and relying on Mrs. Raymond's addreſs for accompliſhing her plan, now began to prepare for his departure. The recent proof of his father's affectionate tenderneſs determined him againſt the prudent counſel of his friends. It was a meaſure which he had, in the firſt inſtance, highly diſapproved, and was, upon mature conſideration, what every generous principle revolted at. The Earl's feelings had been thoroughly awakened by his ſon's accident; the impending danger in which he had ſo many days continued, produced very ſerious reflections. His own advanced age,

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and Beauclaire's future eſtabliſhment, were matters of great moment, and determined him to relinquiſh a purſuit which had been ſo very unſucceſsful; ſo, that his reſolution might not have leiſure for a relapſe, he conſulted his lawyer, and bound himſelf, by a deed of gift, to a rent-charge for life. Beauclaire, whoſe generoſity was equal to all his other virtues, refuſed entering into any agreement ſo diſadvantageous to his father; but the old gentleman was reſolute, and his ſon complied. When Lady Hartley came to take back her young friend, Mrs. Raymond gave her ſo preſſing an invitation to town, that it was not poſſible to decline; but, to prevent her return to Kelſborough was ſure to lead to ſuſpicion. Mrs. Raymond having long promiſed a viſit at the Park, ſhe conſidered it as a favourable opportunity for bringing her back. Lady Hartley gladly embraced the propoſal; and the following week the Colonel promiſed to accompany them. The whole of this conduct was ſuch an inſtance of benevolence,

every thing conſidered, that few minds, however well diſpoſed, could have had reſolution to accompliſh it. The contempt, as well as dread, that each felt at the principles of their hoſt, made the common forms of civility almoſt impracticable. But the farther acts of villany to which he might be inſtigated, when Elvira's departure was known, excited the moſt awful dread in the mind of the good Mrs. Raymond: but the Colonel was her ſafeguard, and equal to brave all dangers in the defence of innocence. However, he ſtill thought that the preſence of a third perſon was very neceſſary when the ladies retired, as a *tête-à-tête* with his hoſt was not to be encountered; he therefore prevailed on a Welſh curate, who had a general invitation at his Lordſhip's table, to eſcort them on horſeback. Llewellin was cheerful, ſung a good ſong, and made no contemptible figure on his harp. Thus prepared, the party ſat out. His Lordſhip gave them a hearty reception, and the three firſt days paſſed off tolerably. On the following, his

Lordſhip

Lordſhip was attacked with his old complaint, the gout, which generally took cloſe hold of him two-thirds of the year. The Colonel was not ſorry at any thing which ſhould keep him in durance till they had got clear off with their gueſt. Llewellin, on theſe occaſions, was an uſeful perſon, both to keep his patient in temper, and to be the bearer of his *billets doux*, as long as his hands were at liberty to write them. But Taffy's ſimplicity and artleſs ſpirit was ſuch, that he never ſuſpected the contents. The morning previous to their departure Elvira walked to the grotto, to take her laſt farewel of a ſpot ſhe could not recollect but with a mixture of pleaſure and regret, and had reached the ſombre parts of the wood, when ſhe was alarmed by a ruſtling in the trees. Before ſhe had time to look round, ſhe was ſeized, blindfolded, and tied upon a horſe, which was out of the woods in a few ſeconds. Her ſhrieks and cries had no other effect than to quicken the ſpirit of the rider. In this ſituation ſhe continued for a conſiderable diſtance: he then

ſlackened his pace, deſired ſhe would not be frightened, and added, that no harm was intended her. She intreated him to take the handkerchief from her eyes, and to tell her where ſhe was going? He refuſed both, though with civility, and ſaid, he had orders for what he did. At length he ſtopped, lifted her down, and carried her into a houſe. Her ſhrieks and cries were redoubled; but he aſſured her there was no one within hearing, and adviſed her patiently to bear what ſhe ſhould have no cauſe to lament. He then took off the handkerchief, and conducted her into a parlour, where refreſhments were ready upon a table. She wrung her hands, and conjured him to ſay by whoſe authority he had brought her there? He anſwered, that he could not comply with her requeſt, but ſhe might depend upon being treated with the utmoſt reſpect; and that into this room and the adjoining chamber no one would enter without her permiſſion.—"A chamber!" ſhe exclaimed; "am I to continue in this remote habitation till to-morrow?"

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He bowed, and replied ſhe was. Her grief now became ſo violent, that her powers were nearly exhauſted. The man requeſted ſhe would take ſome wine? This ſhe declined, and he left the room. The remainder of the day was paſſed in all the agonies of awful ſuſpenſe. Who but Lord Hartley could be capable of ſuch an outrage! Night drew on, and with it the moſt cruel apprehenſions. Lights were brought in, with other refreſhments; when ſhe deſired the man would not give himſelf ſuch uſeleſs trouble, for ſhe could not eat. He appeared ſenſibly moved at her diſtreſs, and entreated ſhe would try ſomething. Finding her ſtrength fail, ſhe took a cruſt of bread. Three days ſhe continued in momentary dread of increaſing danger. On the third night, ſhe thought ſhe heard the wicket at the end of the garden gently open, and preſently a low voice called Banniſter, which not being anſwered, was again repeated. New horrors now aſſailed her, but her fortitude was ſtill equal to combat with her feelings. Indeed,

her mind had been early impreſſed with religious ſentiments, which had ſo ſtrongly fixed her principles, that ſhe felt herſelf equal to brave every danger. At this inſtant the door of her chamber opened, and Lord Hartley entered. Though his appearance was ſudden, ſhe was not unprepared. He addreſſed her in his uſual manner, ſeemingly regardleſs of her preſent ſituation. She demanded to be immediately ſet at liberty, without replying to his queſtions. He begged ſhe would give him the hearing, and began by obſerving, the ſurpriſe ſhe muſt have experienced had given him the tendereſt anxiety; but that the danger of her ſituation was ſuch as to admit of no alternative—that Mr. Shallow's conduct, with reſpect to her, was of a nature which a friend ſo warmly intereſted in her welfare as himſelf could not view with indifference. "He aſſerts that you had given him reaſon to ſuppoſe his addreſſes would be accepted; and after ſo flattering a proof of your regard, favoured Lord Beauclaire's pretenſions—

ſions—that the diſpute which had taken place between them had evidently ariſen from the injury he pretended to have received from that nobleman's endeavour in ſupplanting him in your affections. The dreadful attack made but a few hours after too fully confirmed the villany of Shallow's intentions." But as no evidence could be procured, nor the aſſaſſin diſcovered, though the moſt diligent ſearch had been made, ſhe was hourly expoſed to his diſappointed revenge. That to avoid his importunities, while ſhe remained at the Park, where he conſtantly viſited, was not poſſible, and the contempt ſhe had ſo manifeſtly teſtified at the freedom of his manners was ſure to provoke him to ſome deſperate meaſure. In order, therefore, that his deſigns might be effectually prevented, he had communicated to Lady Hartley the expediency of an immediate removal; ſo that ſhe might be no longer expoſed to the preſence of a man whoſe principles were ſo abandoned. And when he informed her that he was already

married to an amiable woman, now languiſhing in miſery, he flattered himſelf the the ſteps he had taken were ſuch as entitled him, not only to her pardon, but, in ſome degree, to her gratitude.

Elvira liſtened with attention, but remained ſilent. The regard ſhe had for truth prevented any acknowledgment, and the caution neceſſary to be obſerved with reſpect to Beauclaire determined her not to be raſhly irritated to a reply: but here ſhe interrupted him by ſaying, that as Lady Hartley conſented to have her thus removed from danger, ſhe earneſtly intreated to ſee her Ladyſhip immediately. He anſwered, that could not be complied with, as it had been given out ſhe was gone upon a diſtant viſit, and ſhould the carriage be ſeen at this remote dwelling, that of itſelf would lead to a diſcovery. "The ſword or piſtol," ſaid he, "is the barbarous but ordinary reſource of injured honour; but Shallow ſtabs in the dark, and his inſinuations are ſo couched as to prevent the honeſt and upright Beauclaire from demanding ſatisfaction."

ſatisfaction." Such atrocious falſehoods, aggravated by calumny, rouſed her utmoſt indignation. But inſtantly recollecting that ſhe was alone, out of the reach of aſſiſtance, and guarded by a wretch who, though his manners expreſſed pity, his principles ſtrongly oppoſed it, ſilence was her only reſource. It was evident, however, that the dignity of her behaviour impoſed a reſtraint: the mildneſs of her character, added to the confidence ſhe had hitherto repoſed in his protection, and the gratitude ſhe ſo invariably expreſſed for the attentions received from both, prepared him for a different reception. He did not doubt her belief of all he had advanced, and imputed her manners to caprice or ill humour, for poſſibly a little reſentment, becauſe he had not previouſly acquainted her with his intentions. He therefore attempted to rally her, but her looks were immoveable;—as he approached, ſhe drew back. His countenance ſtrongly marked his diſpleaſure; and finding her ſtill more inflexible, he ſaid, with petulance, that had he been aware of the

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ſeverity of her diſpoſition, he would not have given himſelf this trouble, for that ſhe appeared too able to defend her own cauſe to require the interference or ſupport of a friend. He then walked towards the door, as if leaving the room, thinking, by quitting her thus abruptly, that her natural ſoftneſs would revive; but ſhe ſat with the ſame fixed attention. Pride and paſſion were contending for victory. The latter prevailed, and aſſuming manners which had hitherto ſucceeded, confeſſed his attachment in terms ſhe could not miſtake. At this inſult ſhe roſe, and, with a fortitude which nothing but inſtant danger could inſpire, ſeized a knife from the table.—"This weapon," ſaid ſhe, "ſhall in a moment ſet me at liberty." Terrified by the wildneſs of her looks, which ſtrongly confirmed his intentions, on his knees he implored her pardon, aſſuring her, by all that was ſacred, of the purity and conſtancy of his friendſhip; but ſhe remained in the ſame menacing attitude. Apprehenſive of her making a deſperate attempt, his reſolutions

lutions failed, and he promiſed to leave her if ſhe would grant him her forgiveneſs, and pledge her honour that ſhe would attribute all he had ſaid to the moſt laudable motives.—"Leave me this inſtant," ſaid ſhe; "but beware of a ſecond viſit." He went out of the room in great agitation, mounted his horſe, and rode furiouſly away. Banniſter, whoſe humanity had been tenderly excited by the diſtreſs and innocent looks of his priſoner, liſtened very attentively to all that had paſſed, and had juſt time to reach the houſe door when his Lordſhip came down. Perſuaded he was effectually gone, he haſtened to Miſs Mordaunt, whoſe ſtrength and ſpirits being wholly exhauſted, was to all appearance dead.—Strongly moved at this dreadful ſpectacle, he accuſed himſelf as being acceſſary to her ſelf-deſtruction. After various endeavours to recover her, ſtill no life appeared: the danger of his own ſituation then recurred, and prompted immediate flight. Haſtening out of the room for that purpoſe, he once more turned his eyes towards this innocent

nocent victim, and ſaw her move. By very ſlow degrees ſhe came to herſelf, and he prevailed on her to take a glaſs of Madeira, aſſuring her, in the moſt ſolemn manner, ſhe had nothing to fear, for it was fetched by him from a reſpectable merchant at Newcaſtle. The manners of this man correſponding ſo little with his employment, induced her to look up to him as her deliverer. After getting a ſhort ſleep ſhe roſe, and as ſhe was reflecting how beſt to accompliſh this meaſure, he knocked to enquire after her health; ſhe deſired he would come in—and, thanking him very earneſtly for his humanity, thought this the moment, while his feelings were ſo ſtrongly awakened, to urge her hopes. While ſhe was preparing for this purpoſe, he requeſted her to hear, as ſoon as ſhe was able, what he had to relate: ſhe replied, ſhe ſhould never be more ſo than at preſent. Without diſguiſe, or fear of being betrayed, he then candidly related every recent tranſaction, and expreſſed in the moſt affecting terms the com unctions of guilt under which

which he laboured; and, with ſubmiſſion, implored her pardon for the indignity and cruel treatment he had been concerned in inflicting on her, fervently promiſed to effect her eſcape, and fly the country himſelf. Elvira was ſenſibly moved to find ſo much candour and integrity united to ſo irregular a courſe of life—aſſured him of her gratitude for the confidence he had ſo readily repoſed in her, and faithfully promiſed ſecrecy, if he wiſhed it.—He replied, that to her he felt himſelf indebted for rouſing diſpoſitions which too long had remained ſtrangers to him. Though his poverty urged him to the commiſſion of many deſperate deeds, that plea no longer ſerved as an excuſe, nor would it plead his pardon to ſuch who had ſuffered by his miſconduct; that although he had been a great ſinner, his penitence ſhould be ſincere, both as a warning to others, and the only atonement now left him to make to Divine Providence. Elvira warmly applauded his virtuous reſolutions; put her purſe into his hand, which contained about ten guineas,

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as a reſource for the preſent. This he poſitively refuſed, and replied, with becoming humility, that he hoped for no other reward than what his own heart would afford him. He immediately ſaddled the horſe he commonly rode to the neighbouring towns; Elvira mounted on a pillion behind him, and by ten o'clock they reached Pent Eland. She alighted at the entrance of the town; he walked his horſe to the firſt inn, ordered a chaiſe to be got ready, and a truſty perſon to attend on horſeback. It was but one ſtage to Colonel Raymond's, though a long one. When he told the landlord where to go, he informed him that the Colonel always made uſe of his houſe: this was no unwelcome intelligence to poor Elvira, who now, for the firſt time, travelled alone. She deſired pen, ink and paper, and directing the cover to Mr. Banniſter, encloſed a ten pound note ſhe luckily had in her pocket-book. She then took leave of him, and he offered up his fervent wiſhes for her welfare. The carriage had not gone more

more than an hundred yards, when ſhe ordered the poſtillion to ſtop, and deſired the attendant to ride back, and deliver a letter ſhe had forgotten to the perſon who had come with her. He ſoon returned, and they proceeded without interruption till they arrived at Phœnix Lodge.

The family were ſtill at Kelſborough, nor expected home till the following day. The uneaſineſs and alarm which her ſudden abſence had occaſioned was known to every inhabitant of this peaceful dwelling. The ſervants aſſembled about her, and expreſſed, by their humane and anxious looks, the moſt hearty welcome. The houſekeeper, regardleſs of Miſs Mordaunt's injunctions to the contrary, ſent off inſtantly to her miſtreſs, and then prevailed on her to take refreſhment and reſt, which ſhe ſeemed much to want.

By twelve at night the Colonel and Mrs. Raymond returned; but ſuch a meeting! The Colonel was not able to ſpeak; Mrs. Raymond preſſed Elvira to her boſom, and at length

length tears flowed mutually from them. No man could face the enemy with more intrepidity than the Colonel; but the diſtreſs of a friend diſarmed him at once. Elvira was the firſt to ſpeak, and aſſure them ſhe had eſcaped all danger.

After many interruptions from the agonizing pangs of the narrator, and the ſympathetic feelings of her audience, ſhe brought herſelf ſafe to their hoſpitable roof. With an affectionate embrace they conducted her to her chamber; and, if we reflect on the dreadful apprehenſions of each but a few hours before, with the joy they now experienced, three more happy beings would not readily be found.

Lord Hartley's guilt was now confirmed by the ſtrongeſt evidence. The Earl and Beauclaire were immediately ſummoned to the Lodge, and every meaſure was preparing to bring the villain to juſtice, when he received a letter from Banniſter, acknowledging the diſcovery. Finding he was betrayed—the crimes of intentional murder and ſeduction fully proved—his character ruined—

ruined—his perſon amenable to the laws of his country—he determined, by one ſtroke, to deliver himſelf from the accumulated ignominy. He fetched his piſtol, charged it, locked the door, and, in a condition bordering upon frenzy, took the fatal weapon in his hand.—Here he pauſed—gently laid it down—ſtalked acroſs the room—the horrors of death appalled his dreaded reſolution.——Self-deſtruction—withheld from all hopes of pardon;—he pauſed again, and ſeemed to riſe ſuperior to his fate. His death was demanded as a debt to juſtice—as an atonement for the many violations he had committed. Armed by theſe reflections, he unloaded the piſtol, opened the door, and calmly walked to his wife's apartment. His diſordered looks expreſſed a mind tortured by convulſive pangs, and caſting his eyes towards her, he fetched a deep groan. In a tremulous voice he then addreſſed her:—"Life is allowed me but for a ſhort time. To employ it not unworthily (while my ſenſes remain) is my fervent wiſh. My ungenerous

nerous treatment of you, I lament with ſincere contrition. But to trace back the ſcenes of a diſſolute old age, guilt ſhrinks with horror. — To look forward with one conſoling ray, juſtice diſclaims; and to appeal to mercy, while the ſenſe of injured innocence ſo ſtrongly ſtamps my ſoul, conſcience withholds."

His language and manners prepared her for ſome tremendous ſtroke. After a long convulſive ſilence he roſe, put the letter into her hand, and wildly withdrew. He then returned to his own chamber, and the ſame conflict of paſſions returned to his mind. He loaded his piſtol for the laſt time, and taking down a volume of Rouſſeau, read his famous letter on ſuicide; glanced at the refutation, and threw down the book.

"I am now prepared," ſaid he; "I am the man, whoſe life is a miſery to himſelf, and a burden to others:" and ſeizing the piſtol, diſcharged it through his head. The report was heard by his ſervant in the adjoining room, who found

found him weltering in blood. The alarm preſently reached Lady Hartley, but ſhe was withheld from approaching him. Such a ſpectacle was hardly ever beheld! Signs of life yet remained, and aſſiſtance procured as ſoon as poſſible. One whole day he lingered in this dreadful ſtate: but his mind was compoſed, and his ſenſes clear. He requeſted the Colonel might be ſent for: to him he acknowledged his guilt; fervently enjoined him to implore the forgiveneſs of the two innocent ſufferers: and taking an affectionate leave of his wife, with eyes raiſed towards Heaven, in a pious exhortation to the Divine Mercy, he breathed his laſt.

The codicil had been annexed to his will ſubſequent to his deſperate reſolution, but it contained only what regarded that event, where he expreſsly deſires that his body might be depoſited in the public road, unattended but by the bearers.

Lady Hartley's grief was ſincere, though poſſibly in no ſmall degree heightened

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tened by the manner of his death. Her ſiſter ſhortly arrived, and took her afflicted relation to her own houſe in Kent.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

TWO months had now elapſed ſince Mrs. Raymond and Elvira's arrival in town. The change of ſcene had in a great meaſure reſtored the latter to her wonted cheerfulneſs. Mrs. Raymond had rather a ſelect than a numerous acquaintance. The Colonel, as a public character, was generally known; but he preferred his own ſociable board, to a mixed company at any other. Among the various gentlemen who frequented his table, Mr. Paradox and Sir Anthony Shrewd may be mentioned. Sir Anthony was a man of few words, and generally to the purpoſe. Paradox, the very reverſe. He talked much, without having any thing to ſay: doubts and quibbles were his favourite

metaphors. His underſtanding was ſufficient to raiſe, but not to clear them: a little leſs knowledge, or a little more might have made him bearable. Mrs. Paradox, his wife, of all the figures of ſpeech, moſt diſliked a quibble; and as ſhe had found it to prevail very much in the days of courtſhip, ſhe endeavoured to guard againſt it in future, by repreſenting the inconveniences and diſorder it muſt occaſion in conjugal life. The love of order and method ſhe deemed eſſential to domeſtic harmony, whether within or without the pale of the church. Mr. Paradox, with ſome difficulty reſtrained the inclination he felt from the laſt ſentence, for he could not conceive what domeſtic harmony was to be found in a ſingle ſtate: whether this conveyed an oblique compliment to his lady, or not, ſhe could not immediately diſtinguiſh: however, previous to their marriage, each promiſed to relax ſomething in their favourite maxims. Several years had elapſed ſince that period, ſo that the primitive ceremony was moſt probably

probably obſolete. About the time their acquaintance commenced with the Raymonds, Mr. Paradox was finiſhing the firſt canto of an heroic poem on the late peace; but his genius for poetry not diſcovering itſelf till a year ſubſequent to that event, he found his verſe did not flow with the eaſe and majeſty the ſubject required, nor indeed equal to his proſe productions. Regularity he felt as a check upon invention; and as he had employed his talents chiefly in the wildneſs of thoſe compoſitions, which go by the name of eſſays, a ſort of methodical confuſion ran through his fancy. To lay the whole ſcheme of his diſcourſe in his mind, previous to the invocation of his muſe, required a depth of thought, which he was perſuaded would wholly deſtroy imagination: ſimiles of all ſorts he had ready; they only wanted application: and bouts-rhimées, to the amount of four hundred, already prepared. Addiſon's celebrated poem on the Campaign was the model he placed before him, with a view to rival its celebrated compariſon: the poet

there compares the preſence of mind, ſpirit, and martial ardour of the Duke of Marlborough, in the day of battle, to a miniſtering angel engaged in the confuſion of nature, the war of elements, &c.

Paradox felt his inclination riſe to a happy fervour in the contemplation of a like ſimile in his own poem: but a borrowed thought took away all perſonal compliment. After paſſing many ſleepleſs nights, watching for a lucky ſimilitude, Uriel, gliding on a ſun-beam, recurred to his recollection, without remembering that this very image had been objected againſt as the only one really exceptionable in that noble work. He roſe without the ceremony of dreſſing to pen it down; but unfortunately, before he had ſettled the angel, the ſun-beam had loſt its radiance. Colonel Raymond was the valiant hero he meant to diſtinguiſh; ſo that to conceal a compliment ſo well meant, defeated his purpoſe: he therefore hinted his deſign. The Colonel thanked him for his intention,

but

but obſerved, that he was not ambitious of being ſo near an inhabitant of the lunar ſphere, or of ſeeing his poet there. A happy effrontery, and inordinate vanity, never failed him, unleſs Sir Anthony was preſent, who generally cut him ſhort, by a "What then? What's all this to the purpoſe?" whenever he ſaw him flying off from the queſtion. Paradox was related, though diſtantly, to Sir Charles Luſignan: being a man of large property, the Baronet acknowledged the alliance; and, in the laſt letter to his niece, deſired her to pay the family every attention. He neither knew the growth, talents, nor even colour of his relations; but he heard they drove a coach and four, and that was ſufficient. Mrs. Paradox was, what one commonly calls a good kind of woman; but her taſte not quite ſo metaphorical as that of her huſband, for it did not extend beyond the kitchen and phyſic cloſet. Pickles, preſerves, and cordials of every claſs, no woman was better ſkilled in; but this was the boundary of her accompliſhments.

Her huſband had made a rapid fortune in the South Seas, and was now deſirous that his wife ſhould acquire a little polite knowledge to qualify her for the enjoyment of it, or rather to give her conſequence in the country, where he had purchaſed a ſplendid manſion. He had frequently urged the neceſſity of literature, if ſhe meant to be diſtinguiſhed from her cook. The Britiſh poets he endeavoured to explain to her, with now and then a few pages from Locke on innate ideas. But the more he explained, the more ſhe was puzzled; ſo that, finding his attempts wholly fruitleſs, he gave up the point. They had one only ſon, juſt turned of fifteen, who ſeemed to inherit all his father's genius: the regular rudiments of education had been carefully avoided, apprehenſive of checking thoſe dazzling talents with which nature had ſo richly endowed him. One rule, however, he had for a guide: never to check a fine thought, when nature urged it; it was a relief to the brain, and gave expanſion to the reaſoning powers;

ers: with theſe natural luxuriances, and a briſk flow of animal ſpirits, maſter Simon Paradox entered on the great theatre of the world.

His father had no doubt but that ſuch conſpicuous merit would be ſure of attracting his new relation, and gave his ſon full inſtructions to that effect. Simon had never been but once in public, and that was at a country wake: ſo that when he was introduced to Mrs. Raymond he looked ſo ſheepiſh, that ſhe good-naturedly took him by the hand, and placed him by her. The firſt thought was, enquiry after Coz. Miſs Mordaunt juſt then entering the room, his father bade him riſe and ſpeak to his couſin. Simon ſtarted from his chair, and offered to kiſs her, after ſtroaking his mouth with the back of his hand. He then drew his chair before every one, and ſeated himſelf cloſe to her, patting her hand. "The lad takes courage," ſays his father, with a wink to Mrs. Raymond; "but, Simon, talk to your Couſin: entertain her with your journey." Simon be-

gan: "And ſo, Coz, we got into the coach and four, at our own park gate, and rode on till we ſtopped; and then we got out to dine—and we had a huge plump turkey, as plump—as—you—(looking Miſs Mordaunt in the face, with a broad grin); nay plumper than you:—wa'nt the turkey, father, fatter than Coz?" Here Mr. Paradox reproved him, for making compariſons; it was not well-bred. "But didn'ſt tell me, father, I was never to check my thoughts, but to ſay what came uppermoſt?"—"Can't you repeat ſome Greek oration, or a Latin ſpeech from Virgil or Homer?"—"Poſſibly, ladies," ſaid Mr. Paradox, "you do not underſtand Greek?" Mrs. Raymond replied, "they did not, nor yet Latin." Here Mr. Paradox was ſurpriſed, that ſome part of the dead languages had not been the object of their attention. Simon was then deſired to repeat his late poetical query, "Whether Chineſe cows might not be ſo trained as to be ſerviceable in Engliſh agriculture?" Simon roſe a tip-toe, and mounted

ed the table, in order to give his muſe the advantage of ſound as well as action.

When he finiſhed (not a line of which had been underſtood), Mr. Paradox, without waiting the applauſe of his audience, aſſured them it was all his own. "You muſt have obſerved, ladies, that the whole is in the Pindaric manner; that his thoughts flow in the beautiful wildneſs of nature, without affecting the nicer elegances of art." Mrs. Raymond replied, "ſhe did not ſuſpect the young gentleman of having borrowed any idea, nature appearing too evidently to be his ſole inſtructreſs." After waddling through Dryden's ode, and the whole debate of the fallen angels, in Milton's Pandamonium, they were happily relieved by the arrival of Sir Anthony Shrewd. "Don't be abaſhed, Maſter Simon," ſaid the Baronet, "finiſh boldly what you have undertaken." Simon preſently concluded; and Paradox, anxiouſly expecting Sir Anthony's plaudits, ſupplied them by his own obſervations: "You ſee here, Sir, a labyrinth of my own raiſing,

where each flower naturally rejoices in the ſoil."—"And what's all this to the purpoſe of life?" ſaid Shrewd. Simon immediately jumped down, drawing the table after him, and begged his father to carry him to ſee the lions, according to his promiſe: they therefore took leave, to the no ſmall ſatisfaction of each party.

Sir Anthony was a man highly eminent both for his virtues and his talents, which to the age of fifty had ſhone with brilliant luſtre. His affability in converſation, temper, art, and eloquence in debate, penetration and diſcernment in counſel, vigilance and enterpriſe in action, added to an integrity equally brilliant, had gained him univerſal eſteem. The only defect to contraſt this reſpectable character, was an extreme frugality, for his charity and generoſity ſtill kept pace with every other virtue. At the age before mentioned he loſt his wife; a woman ſo truly amiable, and attached to him, that he felt her death as the privation of every other bleſſing. From this event he lingered two years in the

the moſt recluſe ſolitude, which ſeemed to have effected ſuch a total change in his diſpoſition, as to give him a diſreliſh to all ſociety. Study he renounced at the ſame time, and devoted himſelf wholly to reflection: a buſy mind, ſuch as his had been, ſhortly loſt its habitual vigour in this ſolitary exiſtence; and frugality now became his ſole enjoyment. At this very time he poſſeſſed an eſtate of three thouſand a year, but, from the chances of fortune and accident, ſtill feared he might live to want. This laſt idea ſo wholly engroſſed his mind, that he diminiſhed his expences by ſuch rapid ſteps, as to deny himſelf, for years before his death, the common neceſſaries of life. He had long ſince diſmiſſed his ſervants, and hired an elderly man and his wife, rather to take the care of his houſe, during his abſence, than to attend on himſelf. In the depth of winter he picked up bits of ſtick for his firing, and a larger one ſerved him the long-lingering day. The produce of his barn-door for ſome time ſupplied his

table; but the expence of barley determined him to allow himſelf no ſuch extravagance. His dreſs correſponded with his general plan: for twenty years before his death he never bought a ſingle article of wearing apparel: at one time he had no linen; at another no wig; and his coat would hang in tatters about him. His nephew, a man of fortune, as well as benevolence, felt this diſpoſition in his uncle with tender concern, and frequently brought a ſhirt in his pocket, which he would lay before him on the table, without the power of requeſting him to wear it. Sometimes Sir Anthony would joke him upon his extravagance in buying ſuch uſeleſs covering, when a dry hardened ſkin anſwered every purpoſe: his manners, however, ſtill retained their uſual elegance, which heightened in no ſmall degree the ſingularity of his appearance. At times he has been met in a full court ſuit of green and gold, of a cut twenty years back; with black worſted ſtockings darned up to the calf with blue or white thread; ſtrong

wooden

wooden ſhoes, and iron buckles; a ſhirt, without ſtock, neckcloth, or ſometimes collar: his long gray hairs hung about his face, which was never ſhaved; and on the crown of his head a ſmall thread-bare black ſcratch. A figure ſo accoutered, with a viſage pale, long, and lean, was, to uſe my Lord Clarendon's expreſſion upon a ſimilar appearance, "Surely ſuch as to move the moſt ſevere countenance to mirth, and the moſt cheerful heart to ſadneſs." At the very time he was thus pining with want, he generouſly lent an acquaintance three hundred pounds, nor would take his bond for payment: and ſuch were his exquiſite feelings for the diſtreſs of others, that at the ſight of a beggar he would turn away his eye, after gliding a ſhilling into his hand, looking cautiouſly round, as if fearful of being ſeen. On the ſame day would he return home, and dine upon a ſtale crumpet, which he had been riding upon the laſt fifty miles. His forbearance and charity went hand in hand; and from the latter a renewal of the

Colonel's

Colonel's acquaintance took place. It was his cuſtom to ride to town early, and prole about the bye-ſtreets and alleys for objects of compaſſion: going one morning through a narrow paſſage, he was ſurpriſed by the appearance of a young woman leaning againſt the wall, elegant in her figure, and more than decently dreſſed. He ſtopped to enquire who ſhe was, and if ſhe was ill? when, with a flood of tears, ſhe replied, "that ſhe was a gentleman's daughter; but that having married contrary to her father's wiſhes, he had entirely diſcarded her: that her huſband died inſolvent a few months ago, and her father refuſing the many applications ſhe had ſince made (though all ſhe aſked was to be kept from ſtarving), was now going to her pariſh for aſſiſtance."

Sir Anthony forbad her taking ſo deſperate a meaſure for relief; put into her hands two guineas, deſired her to engage a comfortable lodging, and to meet him in the ſame place on the following morning at eight o'clock. The name of her father was well known to Sir Anthony; but not having

having had any intercourſe with him for ſome years, he thought the preſent buſineſs of too delicate a nature for renewing the acquaintance. Recollecting that he occaſionally viſited at Col. Raymond's, Sir Anthony went to him, and related the above: the Colonel well remembered the marriage, and the father's diſpleaſure, but knew no more. The following morning the Baronet, punctual to his appointment, met this unhappy young creature, who was waiting in anxious expectation: he took her direction, and aſſured her of aſſiſtance, ſhould her father perſiſt in his refuſal. To move this unnatural parent even to pity, was not poſſible; ſo that relief was out of the queſtion, and Sir Anthony, from a humane conſideration to his rank in life, ſuppreſſed the ſtory, and made her himſelf an annual allowance of forty pounds.

Elvira was ſure to pleaſe ſo benevolent and noble a character, and the Baronet's viſits in Berkeley Square became very frequent. Often when he has been converſing with her upon ſome ſerious topic, or relating

relating a tale of woe, which excited her tendereſt ſympathy, an accidental glance at his figure would almoſt diſpoſe her to laugh aloud. But an infirmity, ſuch as this, was not to be touched upon, though it daily became more obvious, and at times ſo ludicrous, that it was almoſt impoſſible to remain in his preſence, with any tolerable degree of compoſure.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

RANELAGH was now opened: a place which Mrs. Paradox was very deſirous of ſeeing, and called upon Miſs Mordaunt, to aſk her if ſhe had yet heard of it, and if any amuſement, or good entertainment were likely to be found there. When her queſtions were anſwered, ſhe deſired Miſs Mordaunt would accompany her there on the following evening: a prior engagement put it out of her power, but ſhe politely offered to attend Mrs. Paradox on any other ſhe ſhould pleaſe to appoint. Mrs. Paradox looked, and indeed expreſſed herſelf ſo diſappointed, that Elvira, much as ſhe diſliked appearing with her new relation at ſuch a place, begged leave to acquaint Mrs. Raymond, who would probably excuſe her to Lady Courtland.

At

At the ſound of Lady Courtland ſhe ſaid, rather vehemently, "that could be no objection, for ſhe knew her Ladyſhip, that is her name, for ſhe lived in the ſame county; and that it would be no more than a neighbourly civility to take her at the ſame time." Elvira repeated her requeſt of acquainting Mrs. Raymond, and left the room for that purpoſe. Mrs. Raymond, though far from poſſeſſing improper pride, yet by no means wiſhed to be witneſs of the firſt impreſſions of Ranelagh upon Maſter Simon, or indeed upon any of the Paradox family: and that Elvira ſhould accompany them alone was not poſſible; ſo that to get rid of the queſtion, ſhe adviſed her young friend to ſay they would meet her there. This was agreed to, and Mrs. Paradox took leave, in high good humour. When Mrs. Raymond's party arrived, it was near twelve; an hour when ſhe thought their country acquaintance would be quietly lodged in their beds. The room was thin, ſo that to avoid them, if there, was barely poſſible. Some gentlemen ſhortly joined

joined their party, and mentioned an anecdote of what had just happened, from the rudeness of a Tony Lumpkin, who ran up to a young lady, seized her by her gown, vociferating, "Ah! Cousin, I've found you out." The lady was not a little surprised, and assured him of his mistake; as also a gentleman who was with her: but the unlicked cub still persisted she was his cousin, and the very cousin he was to marry: that the young lady was quite confounded, for by this time the singularity of the scene had attracted general attention. The gentleman threatened to call the waiter, and have him taken out of the room, if he did not know his cousin from a stranger. At this moment a woman, in appearance and manners a farmer's wife, after forcing her way through a tolerable crowd, and repeatedly calling out, "Master Simon Paradox, here is Mama arrived," took him in her arms, and thanked her stars that the dear boy was found; rectified the mistake, apologised to the lady, and civilly withdrew. Elvira and Mrs. Raymond felt too much mortified

mortified to join in the laugh, and enquired if they were gone? "Oh, no!" replied Mr. Sydney, "for he vowed he would find his couſin; and here they advance." Elvira was for immediately turning, but thinking they might have ſeen her, went ſlowly on. Simon ſpied her, ſmacked his hands together, and ran up, regardleſs of ſome ladies, whoſe party he broke through for expedition.—"Odsbodikins, Couſin, I have been looking for you theſe five hours, by my gold repeater, which father gave me for gueſſing his conundrum. Better late than never, as the proverb ſays. And here is mother, as much out of patience as I." Mrs. Paradox was almoſt breathleſs with fatigue, walking and ſearching about, but all to no purpoſe; and concluded, as it was paſt midnight, that Lady Courtland and Mrs. Raymond muſt be gone: ſhe had taken no tea at home, ſhe ſaid, and was ready to faint. Simon declared his bowels rattled with hunger, that he could eat at leaſt ten rolls

rolls to his own ſhare; and bolting into a box, which a party were leaving, ſnatched up the remains of one from the table, which agreeable action he enforced by a proverb, "a bird in the hand," &c. The gentlemen looked all aſtoniſhment: Elvira was all confuſion; and Mrs. Raymond too much provoked for ſpeech; but our young friend preſently recovering preſence of mind, enquired of Mr. Sydney, if the box was diſengaged; and begged to follow Mrs. Paradox into it. Lady Courtland having joined ſome of her acquaintance in the firſt round, was fortunately not preſent at this ſalutation.

The reſpect which Miſs Mordaunt paid to the lady, made Sydney feel a little awkward. Mrs. Raymond begged him to order the carriage: when it was ready, ſhe, with Elvira, politely wiſhed Mrs. Paradox and her ſon good night: but Simon, regardleſs of this ceremony, bid his mother come along, for they were going. Sydney perceiving Mrs. Raymond's anxiety to get away, offered his aſſiſtance to the lady, in ordering her carriage,

riage, if ſhe would honour him with her name? When Simon ſcreamed out from the end of the table, "Don't tell your name, Mother, he only wants to go off himſelf with Coz." Mrs. Paradox bade him be ſilent; and thanking the unknown gentleman for his high condeſcenſion, ſaid, "Mrs. Paradox's coach;" Simon called after him, "of Paradox Hall, in the county of Cornwall, for there may be many more in this huge mob of the ſame name."

The ladies now took leave, and Mr. Raymond, the Colonel's brother, remained with the other party till Sydney returned, who conducted the lady to her carriage, which drove off.

Elvira was ſenſibly hurt at the mortification to which her friend had been expoſed, as the promiſe of meeting was meant ſolely in compliance with her wiſhes. Mrs. Raymond now laughed at the ridiculous ſcene, and agreed with Elvira in ſhewing them every civility in private, or in

in a morning's excurſion, but to keep clear of another public exhibition.

Mr. Sydney, whoſe attention to Elvira was rather particular, called in the morning to pay his reſpects to the ladies. The laſt night's adventure Mrs. Raymond made a joke of, repreſenting the family as highly reſpectable, though ſome centuries back in manners and addreſs.

Mr. Sydney, the world had long called a gay man, though no part of his character could juſtly entitle him to the diſtinction: his temper ſocial, inclining rather to cheerfulneſs than to mirth: his manners elegant; frank by nature, but cautious from experience: a favourite with the ſex, though ſeemingly indifferent as to general approbation: his underſtanding brilliant; his talents univerſal: his ſentiments juſt, noble, and elevated: his language full, expreſſive, and various. To ſum up all, zealous in good works—profeſſing nothing: but admired by the world for his genius, and beloved for his humanity. Such was the Colonel's deſcription of him; and Elvira

vira heard it, as people commonly do hear, when eſteem is all they have to beſtow.—The great diſparity of years, however, would have been of itſelf a ſure defence againſt all his tranſcendent merits, had her heart been diſengaged. But Beauclaire vigilantly guarded every avenue. Sydney was a modeſt man, and by no means raſh in enterpriſe; and when the Colonel ſlightly hinted at Beauclaire's attachment, the penchant he felt for conjugal happineſs ſubſided, as he thought, into friendſhip. This was meant as an effectual barrier to every ſubſequent idea which might take place on the ſubject; for as Sir Charles Luſignan was ſtill a ſtranger to this circumſtance, caution was neceſſary, leſt he ſhould hear it by accident. Elvira's ſituation, when Beauclaire acknowledged his attachment, was certainly ſuch as to juſtify her conduct with every reaſonable mind: but unfortunately that was not in the Baronet's poſſeſſion; his letters had not been, of late, ſo frequent as uſual; but Elvira, free from ſuſpicion or miſtruſt,

truſt, never yet entertained a doubt of her uncle's affection. Simon's aproſtraple at Ranelagh, though too ridiculous to be noticed, further than as connected with a prior intention of his father, recurred frequently both to Mrs. Raymond and to herſelf. But ſuch an outrageous folly, as propoſals of marriage from a lad barely fifteen, they could not ſuppoſe poſſible. The frequency of Mr. Paradox's viſits at the Colonel's made him a very irkſome gueſt, as he had, by this time, ſurvived the decent reſpect he at firſt thought requiſite. But the Colonel had ever been of opinion, there was no ſpecies of brutality to which he was not equal. He could not be uncivil to him, at his own table, though he very frequently gave him hints which he was in hopes would turn to his own advantage. But Paradox was not to be reſtrained by ordinary means: Sir Anthony's preſence kept him in tolerable ſubjection; but though his temper was calm, Paradox would frequently rouze it to the utmoſt indignation, when he ſaw

him attempt to put baſhful merit out of countenance, or outſtrip it in the purſuit of any advantage. Sir Anthony's good-nature qualified him the beſt, perhaps, of any man living, for a ſatiriſt; for he was ſeldom ſo much moved at the abſurdities of ſots and blockheads as paſſionately to call them ſo in a direct invective, but laughed at them with a delicacy of ſcorn, without any mixture of anger. Paradox held this talent of the Baronet's in tolerable exerciſe; and the keen attacks he had lately received had nearly diſarmed him, and was poſſibly what delayed his intended converſation with the Colonel. But he at length introduced his ſubject, where any other perſon would have concluded the felicity of his ſon's marriage with Miſs Mordaunt. The Colonel would not truſt to his ears the firſt time, and begged him to repeat what he had ſaid, convinced he muſt have been miſtaken. The Colonel replied, that the diſpoſal of a lady's affections was a ſubject of too delicate a nature for his interference; but that he ſhould have thought

thought Maſter Simon was not of an age for ſo ſerious an undertaking as matrimony. Mr. Paradox replied, "that fault would daily mend; and that, in his opinion, his youth, with ſuch talents as his ſon poſſeſſed, was the higheſt recommendation." While the fond parent was endeavouring to fix this impreſſion, the door bounced open, and the intended bridegroom came in head foremoſt, upon all fours, from a fall he had received as he was whirling his top. The Colonel rivetting his eye upon the father, which expreſſed as much as an eye could expreſs, and then upon the ſon, walked gravely out of the room. Paradox thought at that moment he had been a little premature, and was almoſt a convert to the Colonel's opinion as to his youth. But an oration of Demoſthenes, delivered with Simon's uſual energy and ſpirit, bid defiance to the Colonel's feeble diſclamation, and determined him on going inſtantly to Miſs Mordaunt himſelf. This lady was with Mrs. Raymond when Paradox entered, and

without any previous introduction ſignified the ſubject of his preſent viſit. His looks were addreſſed to the former, but his ſubject to Mrs. Raymond. The ladies were not taken by ſurpriſe, though unprepared with a reply, unleſs by ſuch a one as was ſure to offend. Mrs. Raymond politely acknowledged the compliment paid to her young friend; but obſerved, that a ſubject of ſuch weight required mature reflection. He flattered himſelf Miſs Mordaunt had no objection, and that he might be permitted to ſignify as much to his ſon. Mrs. Raymond was of opinion, that for the preſent it would be proper to ſuſpend all converſation upon the ſubject; Maſter Simon's extreme youth being a bar to any engagement, at leaſt for ſome years, and at that period her young friend might not be the object of his choice. Mr. Paradox was ſurpriſed that Mrs. Raymond ſhould think he paid ſo little regard to his ſon's happineſs, as to leave him wholly to the direction of his inclinations: a parent was ſurely the ſole judge of a conjugal union.

Love,

Love, as an appendage in a married ſtate, was highly requiſite; but the conduct of life was to be guided by reaſon. There is Mrs. Paradox, who well knows that ſhe married me purely in compliance with her father's wiſhes, and that we have lived together eighteen years without experiencing the dangerous conflicts from envy or jealouſy, under which our neighbours groan. I was abſent, ſhortly after our marriage, for ſix years, and during that period ſhe never wrote to me but reſpecting buſineſs, or the fall and riſe of ſtocks, or matters of equal importance; and ſo convinced was ſhe of the advantage ariſing from my continuance in America, that when I ſignified to her my intentions of returning, ſhe wiſely conſulted my intereſt, and wrote by the very firſt ſhip, adviſing my ſtay for ſix years more. He had ſo far proceeded in his family hiſtory, when Mrs. Paradox was announced, who, on ſeeing her huſband, was turning out of the room—but the latter roſe, and abruptly took leave. It

then occurred to Mrs. Raymond, they had never viſited together; and concluded from the laſt interview, that this happy couple had made a vow never to be together in the ſame place. The good lady ſeemed a little diſturbed, and enquired as ſoon as ſhe recovered, on what days Mr. Paradox came to the Colonel's? Mrs. Raymond replied, no fixed days, but that he commonly did them the favour of taking a family dinner there.—"Then, Madam, I muſt decline your invitation for to-morrow, for we never meet but upon a Monday, to ſettle the weekly accounts." The communicative ſpirit of what is called a good kind of woman often throws an indifferent auditor into an awkward ſituation, ſilence being a ſpur to this unruly talent. "Yes," rejoined Mrs. Paradox, "we never meet at any other time; for, after my huſband had made the large fortune he now poſſeſſes, he began to diſcover ſo many defects in my education, that he haſtily ſaid to me, unleſs I would devote my attention to books, ſo as to make myſelf

ſelf a converſable being, our meetings were not likely to be frequent. This, he thought, would mortify me: but, to ſay the truth, it was what I had long wiſhed; and could I have underſtood the books he gave me, the reward of my ſtudies would have been no temptation to the experiment. But he took care to chuſe ſuch I I ſhould not readily comprehend. One was, upon ſimple and complex ideas; another, upon the tranſmutation of metal (he being then engaged in a braſs manufactory), and a third, Euclid's Elements. I ſearched the dictionary for an explanation of each title page; but even that knowledge exceeded my powers, and determined me not to read a line. Simple and complex ideas took more than half a page; and by the time I had read the ſecond line, had wholly forgotten the firſt. However, one week was thus thrown away, and expences of houſekeeping double what they had been when I managed matters myſelf. Mr. Paradox here flew into a paſſion; enraged at ſuch exorbitant

charges, and finding me, if poſſible, leſs fit for his ſociety than before, being moſt woefully puzzled when he queſtioned me. Taking the ideas for the elements, and the elements for the tranſmutation of metal; ſo that he poſitively vowed never to converſe with me more, but about the baker and butcher's bill: and he has kept his word. Simon tells me, indeed, how matters go on; and I find I am ſhortly to be the mother of this young lady, looking at Elvira. Miſs Mordaunt replied, this information much ſurpriſed her; that Mrs. Paradox muſt be miſtaken as to the perſon.—"No, no, my dear, I am not miſtaken; though I confeſs it might well ſurpriſe any one. Simon, it is true, is my ſon, but as fit for matrimony as to be general of an army.

"Sir Charles Luſignan's conſent is to be immediately ſolicited. But, here Miſs, let me give you a bit of advice:—do not be forced into matrimony, and live, as I do, to lament there ever was a Paradox in the world." The good lady now having

ing unburthened her mind, took leave. The intended application to Sir Charles was not to be diſregarded; and the Colonel deſired Sir Anthony would alſo diſarm him in this enterpriſe. But the Baronet was ſaved the trouble, from a letter from Sir Charles himſelf to his niece, acquainting her with his own marriage to a French lady, and deſiring Elvira to conſult the Colonel and Mrs. Raymond upon her immediate departure for the Continent. The whole party were in no ſmall degree aſtoniſhed at the contents: Elvira, ſo far from lamenting her uncle's marriage, rejoiced at the event, as he was advanced in years, and required the comforts of home ſociety, and a ſociable companion: ſhe wiſhed he had made choice of an Engliſh woman, whoſe manners were more likely to have made him happy. Parting from her friends was her only regret: and that reflection almoſt counterbalanced every anxious deſire of ſeeing her uncle. The ſingular acts of benevolence and friendſhip ſhe had experienced from Colonel

and Mrs. Raymond, left the warmeſt impreſſions on Elvira's grateful mind; and her conduct to them was one continued teſtimony of love and eſteem. Thoſe endearing ties, by which ſhe united all who knew her, made ſeparation a painful effort: and in this inſtance doubly ſo to the Colonel and Mrs. Raymond, whoſe knowledge of the world gave them every reaſon to fear, that a marriage formed at ſo advanced a period as ſeventy-two was little favourable to their young friend. By this new connection he had renounced his eſtabliſhed doctrine of the happineſs and independence of an old bachelor; and all Elvira's merits were barely a counterpoiſe for the like inconſtancy, with regard to herſelf. The more her kind friends conſidered the ſubject, the more were they averſe to her departure. This determined them on making the journey with her. But to take away every appearance of obligation, Mrs. Raymond told her ſhe had prevailed on the Colonel to let her join her in this expedition, as Paris was a part

of

of the world ſhe had long wiſhed to ſee, and that from the preſent deſtruction of its government, was not likely long to remain a temptation to the Engliſh traveller. Letters from Lord Beauclaire arrived a few days previous to their departure, whoſe martial ardour and affection were equally warm, and more ſtrongly united the lover with the hero. He hints at a return: but with a caution from hope, not to be too ſanguine.—Hints which favour our wiſhes ſeldom loſe by communication. Elvira, thus armed, ſet off with her friends for Portſmouth, the Colonel having procured letters to the Engliſh Ambaſſador, and after a rough paſſage they arrived at Havre de Grace.

CHAP. VIII.

MONSIEUR du Pré, a paſſenger in the packet, and an acquaintance of the Colonel's, recommended Durand's Hotel. It was inſtantly agreed to go there. Being a faſt day, no other proviſion could be had but fiſh and eggs.

"Tant mieux!" ſaid Monſieur de Pré; "c'eſt toujours à l'avantage d'un étranger de débuter par un jour mâigre."

"Et pourquoi?" aſked the Colonel, who now began to bruſh up his French.

"C'eſt qu'il ne ſouffre pas d'abord par l'indigeſtion."

"I comprehend your équivoque," ſaid the Colonel; "but is it poſſible that in a nation—où les plaiſirs ſont ſi doux, que le dégout puiſſe s'émparer des ſens?"

"Nous

" Nous traiterons cela à part," rejoined Monſieur du Pré, and fled away to the Place de Ville.

The ladies were fatigued, and propoſed dining in their apartment, which was upon the third ſtory, the lower rooms being all engaged. The Colonel could not well leave his companion; and he alſo wiſhed to ſee a little of Havre, the only French ſea port with which he was unacquainted. Going down ſtairs in ſearch of Du Pré, he was met by Durand, who aſſured him, with a bow down to the ground, " Qu'il ſentoit tous les regrets poſſibles, que les premiers apartemens étoient actuellement loués... mais, que tantôt..... et la table d'hôte."

An ordinary carried with it rather an uncouth ſound; but the certainty of getting a dinner was a forcible argument. An herb ſoup was the firſt object which preſented itſelf.

" La meillieure ſoupe poſſible," ſaid Durand, " et ce que convienne au gout le plus delicat."

The

The Colonel took half a ſpoonful, and bowed approbation.

Skait, ſwimming in vinegar and butter, was the next dainty he attacked.—(But here the Colonel begs to ſpeak for himſelf)..... Appetite fled, and diſappointment and hunger getting the better of all my philoſophy—apprehenſive alſo of giving a bad impreſſion of my country, if I remained à bouder, vis-á-vis de moi-même..... took my coffee, looked at my watch, and roſe to go in ſearch of Du Pré, when a grave Capuchin, who had been rivetted the laſt hour to his plate, addreſſed me for the firſt time———

" Si Monſieur, ſonge au ſpectacle, il y a deux bonnes heures avant qu'on débute."

I thanked him, and determined for the play—as the only object likely to put me in good humour. Charles Neuf, et le Savoyards, had been announced in the bills of the day: but, in conſequence of ſome unwelcome news from Paris, the after-

after-piece was changed to Le Roi Coquin.

The Capuchin ſaid, in a low voice, " Que la prémiere piece étoit un bon portrait, et que Monſieur y trouvât de la reſemblance."

" Allons," ſaid I, " ſi les vepres ne brouillent pus avec la morale."

He gave a ſide-view approbation; but enforced it by a cloſe whiſper ——

" Qu'on ne ſe rencontre, que, ſur les cinq heures, &c."—That he had the burial ſervice of two brothers to read over, his neareſt and deareſt friends.

" Mais helas! Monſieur, à quos ſert du réflexion! Rien," ſaid I, " que de s'atriſter."

" Et la morale," replied the Capuchin, " nous enſeigne de ſe ſoumettre à la providence."

The point agreed, I took a ſurvey of my figure, which was not quite in ſtatu quo for the occaſion; but Durand ſettled the

the buſineſs, by telling me, " Que le perruquier attendoit mes ordres."

That I might not loſe myſelf, my new acquaintance offered to be my conductor. I thanked him for his good will, obſerving that, in a land of beauty and innocence, a man could never be out of his road.

" C'eſt vrai," ſaid he, with a ſmile, " mais, quoique le terrein ſoit bon, un étranger peut y trouver des cahots."

To reaſon the point time would not permit; and when civility may be gratified by a nod, what being in nature would leave his account to futurity.

" Monſieur," ſaid Le Capuchin, on our meeting in the narrow paſſage he had appointed, " cet endroit, c'eſt ſi bien formé pour un rencontre! "

" L'Egliſe peut s'en vanter," I replied, for this is the firſt of the kind I ever had the honour of making with her.

His countenance changed, and I felt the reproof as it deſerved. But when a man

man has involved himſelf by an unlucky impromptu, 'tis fifty to one but reflection ſinks him ſtill deeper.—The muſic was begun, and I haſtened him forward.

" Aux premieres loges," ſaid I, putting a ſix franc into the box-keeper's hand; ſhe ſhewed us into a box near the front of the ſtage.

" Un peu plus loin," ſaid my friend; 'tis clear ſhe had not obſerved his garments till this minute.

" Par ma foi, oui," ſaid ſhe, " vous alliez être un peu deplacé."

We made the whole tour of the houſe; and I was at a loſs to gueſs the myſtery of furniſhing two men with ſeats in a public theatre. After groping through many a dark paſſage we arrived.

" Nous voilà à notre aiſe," ſaid Le Capuchin, " nous verrons à merveille!" It was a dungeon about ſix feet high, and as many wide, with a checkered grate in front, ſo that to ſee to any advantage was wholly impoſſible.

" Pour

" Pour les oreilles," ſaid I, " ils peuvent être régalés. Mais pour les yeux—ce ſont des objects inutiles."

The real intention of ſuch a building, in a Catholic country, was not difficult to comprehend; and I was perſuaded that ſome oſtenſible pretext muſt exiſt—but whether a retreat for deformity, an aſylum for beauty, or an envelope for the victims of jealouſy, I begged my neighbour to tell me?

" Chacun a ſon tour," he replied, " car tout le monde, de tems, en tems, trouve ſon compte dans la chaſteté de cette domicile."

" It is an ingenious invention," ſaid I, " and I ſhall reflect on it at my leiſure."

Charles Neuf ſeemed to be the favourite of the day.—The Cardinal de Lorraine, in his ſacred veſtments, ſhocked the devotion of my friend, who was entering upon the hiſtory, as far back as King Pepin, when the door opened, and a lively Payſanne preſented me.

" Des

" Des glaces à l'avoine—je me ſuis fait l'honneur d'en apporter à Monſieur, craignant qu'il ne ſe trouve un peu incommodé dans cette loge."

I thanked her in the moſt expreſſive language I was maſter of again and again. Tea made of oats was not much adapted to the taſte of an Engliſh man; but had it been made of hemlock, gallantry would have made the draught indiſpenſible.

" Je l'ai fondée," ſaid Mademoiſelle Juliette, " de peur que Monſieur en friſſonât."

The laſt phraſe coſt me douze francs, when œconomy whiſpered me to hand her to the door.

To recover the train of thought was not poſſible. All ideas fled, and the cataſtrophe was left to imagination. The after-piece was intended to convey ſevere perſonal ſatire; but buffoonery was all I could diſcover. The parterre applauded the wit, and from their opinion there is no appeal either to the ſenſes or underſtanding of any part of the

the houſe. I now took my leave of Jacques, my new acquaintance, and returned to the Hotel.

The following morning proving wet, the ladies were prevented going oût, and Du Pré having fifty engagements, I walked out alone to ſee the town. The buildings are irregular; but the houſes all running to four or five ſtories high, inhabited by as many different families, whoſe occupations are as various as their taſte congenial. To each apartment are balconies, and over the baluſtrades are diſplayed not only the appendages, but the neceſſaries of dreſs, male and female.—They are not hung for ſale, but for air, which, in the High Street, (a far better than any in Paris), they have all the advantages of receiving from the ſea; and happy for them they are poſſeſſed of this ſalutary ventilator . . . . . for the local uncleanlineſs of the inhabitants would otherwiſe prove deſtructive to exiſtence.——Why Havre, a ſea port ſo much frequented by travellers, ſhould be, at leaſt, half a century

a century behind Dieppe in this particular, I cannot learn,—but ſo it is. The environs produce enchanting ſcenes, and Pontenville, and another diſtant village, each of which ſtanding in a valley, emboſomed by a wood, with flocks and herds grazing about their dwellings, puts me in mind of what we read of Abraham and Lot, and other of our worthy anceſtors.

Lace-making is the principal article of induſtry in this town; but though manufactured here, it is to be bought cheaper of the retail dealer at Paris. The women, as they ſit at their doors with their cuſhions, produce a ſingular appearance. The female head dreſs in Havre, and in moſt of the villages we paſſed through till we reached Balbec, cannot eſcape the notice of a traveller. It is in a pyramidical form; the ſtructure appears formed on thick wire, or paſteboard; the front is covered with black ſilk, or rich embroidered tiſſue; from the ſummit, hang lappets, a full French aune in length; and the Payſanne wears

in

in general a ſcarlet body, white ſleeves and petticoat, embroidered ſhoes in dreſs, and the coat ſhort, which enables the wearer to exhibit them to advantage. The whole is more becoming than otherwiſe; and a Grecian face and figure I once ſaw thus arrayed, almoſt diſpoſed me to wiſh ſuch a ſtile of dreſs could be introduced in England. But of this I am ſure, that the tight, cloſe, neat manner, in which French ſervants put on their clothes, is highly worthy the imitation of the ſame numerous claſs in our country.—But our attention was ſhortly turned to a far more intereſting ſubject. On our arrival at the inn at Balbec, we were ſurpriſed by the appearance of a young lady in deep mourning, reclining her head upon a fauteuil in the room we were ſhewn into. When ſhe raiſed her eyes, piety and devotion were ſo fervently expreſſed, in a ſet of features far more lovely than any thing I had ever before beheld, that ſhe excited our deepeſt attention.

The

The Colonel did not immediately recollect her, till ſhe ſpoke. The tones of her voice charmed like the ſounds of melody upon the ear. The expreſſion of the Colonel's countenance inſtantly revived her remembrance.... but it ſeemed the remembrance of a heart too grateful for utterance, yet anxious to avoid obſervation. This was not the moment for inquiry. But the Colonel, addreſſing her by the name he formerly knew her, ſhe burſt into tears. I preſſed her to tell me the cauſe of ſuch painful emotion, and my hand fell intuitively into my pocket—and from the ſame unconſcious motion my purſe into her hand. She ſtartled!—my incaution has betrayed me.

"Reprenez la de grace, Madame."—I aſſured her the trifle it contained was unworthy her attention.—"Vous, vous trompez," ſaid ſhe, looking earneſtly at me;—"Helas! s'il n'étoit queſtion, que de mes propres malheurs!"—She ſunk back into her chair, and caſting a dejected glance firſt on me, then on Elvira—"Ce moment n'eſt

n'eſt plus," ſaid ſhe, "Je viens de l'enterrement de ma mere!"—Her looks betrayed wildneſs which ſeemed to diſorder recollection; for when ſhe ſpoke ſhe was wandering upon ſome remote ſubject.

At this moment an elderly woman came in with a ſmall baſon of ſoup, and, without noticing our interruption, placed it upon the table by the afflicted ſtranger, watching her with anxious but ſilent inquiry. I conjured her to tell me the cauſe of what I ſaw; without making the leaſt reply, ſhe went out of the room, followed by her unhappy friend, but preſently returned alone with the following paper.—During this ſhort interval, the Colonel communicated the circumſtance which brought him acquainted with the Lady's family ſome years before: an event much to his honour.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

" Mademoiſelle de St. Aubin, daughter to the Marquis de Grammont, was taken from the Convent de St. Claire as ſhe entered her fifteenth year, and ſhortly after accompanied her family into Dauphiné upon a viſit to La Counteſſe de Balle. This Lady became ſo attached to her young friend, that ſhe requeſted the Marchioneſs to indulge her with her daughter's company for the ſummer. The invitation was readily accepted, and the family returned to Paris.

" The Counteſs had one ſon, juſt of age, who ſoon became fully ſenſible to the merits of ſo amiable a companion.—Their paſſion was mutual, and conſent was eaſily obtained to ſo advantageous a propoſal.

" The Chevalier, previous to their intended nuptials, was ſeized by a violent fever, &c. He ſtruggled with his diſeaſe for three weeks, when, by degrees, every

dangerous ſymptom diſappeared; but his conſtitution had received a ſhock, from which it was not ſoon likely to recover. For many months he lingered in a condition almoſt bordering upon the grave, when he was adviſed to try the more ſouthern provinces.

"The ſacred engagement between the Chevalier and Mademoiſelle juſtified her reſidence at the Chateau. The many painful offices, which her tenderneſs naturally excited, rivetted him ſtill more ſtrongly in her affections; and the Chevalier regarded her care, ſolicitude, and zeal, as the objects to which he owed his exiſtence. Previous to his departure for Montpellier, the Marchioneſs made a viſit at Balle. The viſible change in her daughter's looks ſo alarmed her, that ſhe could not be prevailed upon to give her conſent to this journey, obſerving that her native air was the only probable means of reſtoring her. No oppoſition could be made to ſuch an argument. But the Chevalier, deeply afflicted at theſe apprehenſions, and feeling himſelf

himſelf the cauſe of the Marchioneſs's diſtreſs, regardleſs of his own ſituation, inſiſted upon attending her back to Paris. Henriette repeatedly aſſured her mother ſhe was never in better health; nor could any one perceive the alteration ſo evident to the Marchioneſs.

"After much uneaſineſs between this affectionate pair, a day was fixed for the journey; but, in order to ſoften the pangs of ſeparation, every conſolation was adminiſtered to the Chevalier, in a promiſe that the marriage ſhould take place immediately as their health was perfectly reeſtabliſhed.

"Shortly after the return of the Marchioneſs and her daughter, Don Rodrigue, a Spaniſh Grandee, arrived at the Chateau de Belfont, their country reſidence. He was an old acquaintance of the family, but a ſtranger to Henriette. Don Rodrigue inherited all the pride and oſtentation of his nation; nor were theſe diſpoſitions counterbalanced either by complacency or good humour. He was turned of ſixty,

but ſtill retained all the frivolity of youth with the rough gallantry of advanced age. Henriette, accuſtomed to the urbanity and politeneſs of the French, felt terror when he approached her. His manners, even to the Marquis, expreſſed the condeſcenſion he conferred by the viſit.—The latter felt it, but was too highly gratified by external honour to be diverted from his deſign.

"The report of Mademoiſelle's beauty was the motive of the viſit. With this the Marquis had been previouſly acquainted, and the dignity of the alliance ſupplied him with ſufficient reaſon for diſſolving the former connection.—Don Rodrigue was captivated at firſt ſight. Henriette's beauty far exceeded deſcription; and, without intimating his intentions to Mademoiſelle, made direct propoſals to her father.

"This was departing a little from the eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of his own country; where, by the council of Trent, the conſent of parents is not required; it was, however, conſiſtent

ſiſtent with thoſe of France. The barbarous tyranny employed by this unnatural father at length extorted compliance, and the marriage was ſolemnized at L'Egliſe de Notre Dame. The ſplendour and high elevation of his daughter's rank, ſtifled, for a time, every other conſideration.—Their return to Madrid was ſoon to take place, and the Marquis and his Lady had no doubt of an invitation to accompany their daughter to a country, with whoſe cuſtoms and manners ſhe was wholly unacquainted; but as this had not even been hinted at, the latter ſignified her wiſhes to that effect, when Don Rodrigue replied, with ſharp aſperity, that, although he had married Mademoiſelle de St. Aubin, he had not married her family.

"At the age of ſixteen was this innocent creature left thus unprotected to the brutal fury of her ſanguinary tyrant.

"When the news of her marriage reached the Chevalier, he was preparing to return to Paris. To give credit to a

report, in which every principle of honour and integrity had been violated, was not poſſible, and he immediately ſat off to claim his betrothed wife. The dreadful confirmation he no ſooner heard, than he purſued them on to Madrid. With a mind thus inflamed by the wrongs and injuries it had received—ardent, if not intemperate, in his expreſſions of affection, he wrote a letter to Don Rodrigue, claimed a prior right, and demanded ſatisfaction.—To Henriette he addreſſed a few lines full of bitter reproaches and indignant ſorrow, and concluded by demanding an interview.

" Don Rodrigue preſented her the letter, and aſked if ſhe wiſhed to ſee him?

" She earneſtly replied, ' She did.'

' Then your wiſh ſhall be complied with,' and ordered that the Chevalier might be inſtantly ſeized and murdered. Revenge and jealouſy not yet ſatiated, he added, to his firſt commiſſion, that the head ſhould be brought to him. He then returned

returned to his wife, who anxiouſly inquired, when ſhe ſhould ſee the Chevalier?

'This night,' ſaid he, 'I will leave you together.'

"Apparently compoſed, they ſat down to ſupper, when helping her of the diſh next to him, aſked her how ſhe liked it?

"She replied, 'It was excellent?'

'I do not wonder that you ſhould find it ſo much to your taſte,' ſaid he, 'for it is your lover's heart!'—and taking out the head from a box under the table, ſtill ſtreaming in blood, rolled it with violence into her lap, bidding her receive it as her Confeſſor and Chevalier at the ſame time. He then confined her to a dungeon, where ſhe remained for four years, during which time his perſonal barbarity exceeded, if poſſible, all former tranſactions. A calm ſubmiſſion to her fate, and a reſignation to the will of Heaven, ſtill ſupported her through this wretched ſcene of complicated ſorrow.

" Finding his death approach, he ordered a near relation, one on whoſe fidelity he thought he could rely, to put her inſtantly to death; but he generouſly gave her her liberty, though at the riſk of his own, and even of his fortune, had it been diſcovered, and entruſted her to the care of a confidential friend, who brought her immediately into France. She there heard of her father's death, whoſe remorſe and ſorrow brought him to an untimely end—and her mother lived but to implore her child's forgiveneſs, and expire in her arms."

The manuſcript being written in two characters, the Colonel aſked the old woman who had finiſhed it?

She replied, " The gentleman who had attended Madame into France, whoſe illneſs had detained her in this place, from whence intelligence had been forwarded to Paris. The Marchioneſs immediately ſat out to meet her daughter; but whether this extraordinary ſurprize, upon a mind long

borne

borne down by affliction, had haſtened her death, or from what cauſe ſhe knew not; but, that a few minutes after the moſt affecting interview, ſhe fell back into her chair, and breathed her laſt."

The Colonel and his family remained ſome days with the hopes of prevailing on their unhappy friend to accompany them to Paris; but her mind was too unſettled to admit of any converſation on the ſubject. The Marchioneſs's attendants were ſtill at Balbac, from whom the Colonel learned ſhe had ſeveral relations in the neighbourhood of Rouen. They ſat forward immediately for that place, and delivered their tender charge to the care of her aunt, Madame le Doux.

A ſtory ſo full of horror and diſtreſs left a melancholy impreſſion upon the feelings of the whole party. But the delay this affair had occaſioned obliged them to haſten to Paris on the following day.—The Colonel, however, compelled his two companions to go in the evening to the

play. The piece was Louis Douze, or Le Hero du Peuple. Upon ſending for places, they were informed that the beſt boxes were all engaged to a large party, who that day arrived from Paris. Upon going to the theatre, they there heard that the party in queſtion was a deputation of Les Poiſſardes, who had not ſignified their intention of going to the play; but to whom this reſpect was paid, through all the provinces, of retaining ſeven of the front boxes for their accommodation.

Shortly after the opening of the piece, they made their appearance. Madame la Dragonne, (the diſtinction given to the preſident, or principal leader), made her entré firſt; the reſt followed; and when they had taken their ſeats, the King went through the former ſcene, bowing very low to this popular part of his audience. From the end of the firſt to the fourth act this female ſynod was in a deep ſleep. When Madame la Dragonne awaking, deſired permiſſion of Les Loix, La Municipalité,

palité, et le Roi, to ſing her petit chanſon. This was granted by unanimous applauſe.

She ſeemed rather puzzled to read the ballad, which, being obſerved by the Parterre, ſhe was deſired to ſpeak more diſtinctly, that they might know the ſubject of her ſong.

"Meſſieurs," ſaid ſhe, "comme vous aimez tant la Franchiſe, il fout que je vous diſe, que je ne ſçais pas lire."——"Gentlemen, as I know your veneration for candour, I muſt tell you that I cannot read."——But ſupplying her want of literature by a ready invention, the Parterre's plaudits were ſo vociferous, and the Poiſſardes ſo enlivened by their flattering approbation, that the Colonel and his party thought it time to be gone.

On the evening of the ſecond day they arrived at Paris, where Sir Charles Luſignan and his fair bride were expecting them. The meeting between the former and Elvira was very ſatisfactory to her friends; and Sir Charles expreſſed, with much warmth, his obligations to the Co-

lonel and Mrs. Raymond. He then introduced Lady Luſignan, and deſired Elvira to conſider her as a relation highly diſpoſed in her favour.

Her ladyſhip appeared about fifty, ſo that little danger was to be apprehended from the youthful diſpoſitions of the party. She could not ſpeak a word of Engliſh; nor, indeed, ſuch French as was eaſily underſtood—a ſort of patois, that frequently left the hearer in the dark. Sir Charles, as a linguiſt, had not travelled beyond his own language, and a few indiſpenſible expletives in the French, having made a vow, very early in life, never to add to his literary knowledge, nor, indeed, to any other, but to leave his brain free for the circulation of accidental ideas. To this wiſe forbearance in Sir Charles, her Ladyſhip was moſt probably indebted for the honour ſhe enjoyed. After the Baronet had given the liſt of her virtues, he entered upon her accompliſhments, and concluded with a warm panegyric on the purity of her language. Indeed he acknowledged,

knowledged, that the laſt circumſtance was the prevailing motive for changing his condition, in order to give his niece the advantage of a good accent; and, that he might not be deceived in this eſſential point, had conſulted a Carthuſian Friar in the firſt inſtance. When a man wants an excuſe for following his inclinations, (matrimony not excepted), he is certainly at liberty to make choice of what ſhall beſt anſwer his purpoſe.

Sir Charles, vibrated with ecſtaſy on contemplating the excellencies of his late acquiſition, and as St. Pierre had aſſured him Mademoiſelle Fourberie was related to ſome of the firſt families in France, ambition was highly gratified at the ſame time. On the arrival of the Raymonds and Elvira, Sir Charles, through the latter, requeſted her Ladyſhip to acquaint her family with their preſent reſidence; to which ſhe replied, with a complacent ſmile, "Ploit il, Mademoiſelle, non comprenoit."

Surprized that not one of his new relations had paid compliments of congratulation,

tulation, imputed the delay to Elvira's bad French; but the Colonel aſſured Sir Charles, that his niece ſpoke it, for an Engliſhwoman, with uncommon purity, and was frequently referred to in a doubtful phraſe. He then deſired Elvira to aſk her aunt, in his preſence, where her family reſided, and the names of their reſpective chateaux; but no other anſwer was to be obtained than the ſame ſmirking ſmile and looks of incomprehenſion.

The Baronet, anxiouſly impatient, tried his ſkill—"Votre relacions mon cher—the Ducheſs, the Baroneſs, and the Marquis."—An expreſſive ſhrug, that ſhe knew not what he meant, was all he could procure. Sir Charles jocoſely aſked, by what ingenious means he had won the lady?

"Ma vie!" ſaid he, "ſhe underſtood me well enough when I talked to her about amour."

He was ſtill perſuaded that the diſappointment and vexation he experienced from this ſubject was wholly owing to Elvira; for her Ladyſhip had evidently gained

ed unlimited confidence over the Baronet's underſtanding. The more poor Elvira endeavoured to pleaſe, the more his capricious temper increaſed.

Mrs. Raymond, who carefully watched her Ladyſhip's movements, ſoon perceived that a ſmile of good-humour from Sir Charles never failed to excite an unfavourable geſture from her.—The Colonel meeting ſeveral of his acquaintance at Paris, invitations to the family became very frequent. Here Lady Luſignan expreſſed her diſapprobation, that Mademoiſelle, her niece, ſhould go ſo much into company; that it was not l'uſage aux demoiſelles de s'afficher, and the like. This ſhe made her Mari ſo thoroughly underſtand, that he forbad his niece appearing any where but with her annt. Mrs. Raymond, regardleſs of his perſonal rudeneſs, obſerved that if Elvira refuſed the invitation of her friends, ſhe muſt do the ſame.

Sir Charles on this topic luckily made the proper inference, that if he perſiſted in his prohibition, it would ſhortly deprive

prive both himſelf and his wife the advantage of the Colonel's acquaintance; and though there were few Barons or Marquiſſes of the number, the Ambaſſador and ſome of the Engliſh nobility and gentry were not to be relinquiſhed without regret. It is concluded he impreſſed the laſt emphatic ſentence in his lady's ear, as the ſubject here dropped, and Elvira partook, as uſual, of the little gaiety then in Paris.

It was in the ſpring of 1791 when the commotions in the provinces became daily more alarming. The King and his family were at the Chateau du Louvre, and at this time attended maſs in the chapel, ſo that admittance into an apartment through which they paſſed was readily procured. Their ſubſequent misfortunes conſidered, they were then in a ſtate of comparative happineſs; but the humiliating pageantry, by which they were attended, excited indignation in every feeling breaſt. The Queen's former beauty a ſtranger could not judge of, for not a trace remained. The deepeſt anguiſh

anguiſh ſat on every feature, with an impreſſive dignity in her air and manner; her eyes ſunk in their ſockets, and her countenance even then a picture of woe. Madame, about fifteen, a genteel figure, features fine, but her complection ſeemed more faded from anxiety than ill-health, and her eye expreſſed fearful apprehenſion.

Madame Elizabeth, rather en embonpoint, about the middle ſtature, her countenance ſtrongly marked by the benevolent diſpoſitions of her mind, but the ſame ſympathetic ſorrow dwelt on every feature. The Dauphin, a fine boy, turned or entering into his ſeventh year, dreſſed in the Engliſh ſtile, and his air and manner carried more of the appearance of that nation than his own. The French manner of dreſſing children is not only unhealthy, but highly unbecoming; and, when they ſtand ſtill, they reſemble Chineſe ſtatues far more than the human figure.

The King appeared in good health, though recently recovered from an illneſs, which had ſo affected his ſpirits, that finding the air

air of Paris too confined, had given orders for preparations at St. Cloud. But this neceſſary change of air was even denied him; and himſelf, with the Queen and Royal Family, were forcibly detained in their carriages upwards of four hours, ſurrounded by a brutal populace. The Dauphin was then forced from his mother's arms, and carried back into the palace as an hoſtage for their return.

The conduct of Monſieur de la Fayette, on this extroardinary occaſion, has been a matter of ſerious diſcuſſion. Speculative reaſoners raiſed many objections againſt the purity of his meaſures, and imputed motives to this action from a ſubſequent memorable event—the flight of the Royal Family to Varennes.

The Writer of this humble Work came to Paris from St. Cloud on the morning of their departure, and remained there till their return, during which time every thing was perfectly tranquil, and the ſtreets in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where ſhe reſided, leſs frequented than uſual.—But a female

female pen having no intercourſe with politics, the opinions then in circulation ſhe remembers but as a dream.

The Queen never took an airing unaccompanied by the Dauphin, and frequently has the Writer heard her Majeſty inſulted by the moſt opprobrious language, which the ſudden appearance of her ſon at the carriage window would as ſuddenly appeaſe; and the ſame outrageous mob would vociferate with equal intemperance, "Vive le Dauphin!"

The rabble who collected in numerous bodies under the palace windows, if they accidentally caught ſight of the Queen, upbraided her by the moſt barbarous and ſavage exclamations.—Here the preſence of the Dauphin would pacify for a time; and, indeed, in many ſituations, which threatened imminent danger, has this infant proved her ſole ſhield and protector.

It was formerly a reſpect paid to every branch of the Royal Family, to ſtop when any of their carriages appeared; but this being a reſpect was of courſe withheld.

Paris

Paris is certainly not the place one ſhould chuſe for a ſummer reſidence: at this time it was more populous than uſual, both as the ſeat of government, and alſo reſorted to as a protection from the unbridled fury of the provincial mobs; or, at leaſt, ſuch was the prevailing opinion.

The theatres were generally full, particularly Monſieur's and the Italians; and increaſed in number, in proportion as their miſeries increaſed.

La comedie Françoiſe, formerly the favourite of the nation, was at this time nearly deſerted. At the repreſentation of La Zaire, one of Voltaire's beſt pieces for ſentiment and paſſion, the audience, at the end of the ſecond act, did not exceed one hundred and twenty; and at the cloſe of the play the houſe not half filled. This theatre, during the old form of government, had been under royal patronage. Whether that ſupport was neceſſarily withdrawn, or that pieces were repreſented not quite in uniſon with the taſte of the Pariſians, or from what cauſe it had become

ſo

ſo unpopular, never tranſpired; but ſuch is the fact. The opera never failed—but it was no longer that aſſemblage of beauty and faſhion, heightened by all the elegance of dreſs, for which it had been hitherto diſtinguiſhed. A general taſte as to dreſs ſeemed to prevail in the oppoſite extreme. A total indifference in the choice and ſtile of clothes, as if the wearers had forgotten that apparel contributes not only to make us agreeable, but that we owe it to ourſelves to appear ſo.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.